

AC278 \$3.95

NEW BOOK  
August 1982

# Midday Cowboy

by Jason Bonds



## CHAPTER ONE

“Come on, motherfucker! Get your goddamned boots off and gimme some cock,” Hank said in exasperation as he tugged at the young cowboy’s boot.

“Lemme alone, Hank!” Billy Dee protested. “I’m tired of fuckin’ the same ole asshole all the time. There just ain’t no thrill there no more, man.”

But even while he protested the youth lay back on the bed in resignation and permitted the boot to be pulled from his foot. As he lay back, he tipped his black western hat forward, concealing his handsome face.

“Don’t you bullshit me, you little fart,” Hank laughed as he yanked hard at the boy’s other boot. “You’re always horny.”

The second boot slipped off with unexpected ease and Hank fell back against the wall of the motorhome’s cramped bedroom. Undaunted, he threw the boot down and lurched forward, going to his knees between the youth’s long legs, which were dangling over the edge of the bed. He grabbed the boy’s cock-bulge, feeling his big limp prick through his tight jeans.

“I want me some of that cock, Billy Dee, and I mean it! I can’t just crawl in the sack with you every night and go to sleep.” Hank bent forward, pressing his face into the youth’s crotch. “I miss the fuckin’, man. And don’t you shit me about bein’ tired of my ass. I know what’s eatin’ you.”

“I ain’t shittin’ ya,” Billy Dee said from beneath his hat while he grasped Hank’s pawing hands in a futile effort to stop him. “I just can’t get into it no more. Anyhow, I got me a rodeo to work tomorrow.”

“So do I,” Hank said, pushing the boy’s hands aside. “What the fuck’s that got to do with anything?”

Keeping his hat over his face, Billy Dee cupped his hands behind his head and submitted with a long sigh. “Don’t expect too much, Hank. I got one mean headache tonight.”

Hank unfastened the youth’s jeans and yanked them down over his hips. Billy Dee wore no underwear, and his big soft cock dangled limply between

his legs as Hank pushed the jeans down to his ankles. Hank grabbed his cock and began licking frantically around the circumcised cock-head. While he licked the cock, he held the boy's warm hairy balls gently. He could tell Billy Dee's pendulous balls were unusually heavy, laden with cum.

"You don't have any fuckin' headache," Hank said between licks along the flaccid, curved prick. "You're just so hung-up on Mike Wolfe, you can't see anybody but him. I've seen how you've been lookin' at him how you always manage to be on the fence when he rides... how you hold your breath every time he takes a fall off a bronc..." Hank squeezed Billy Dee's balls momentarily, as if to punish him. "You think I'm blind?"

"So what?" Billy Dee said, flinching as Hank hurt his balls. "I ain't married to you." His face remained hidden beneath his hat.

Hank buried his face in Billy Dee's crotch, rubbing his stiff brown mustache in the youth's curly blond pubic hair as he kissed the base of his cock, which wasn't responding to the licking he had been giving it.

"Fuck Mike if you want to, Billy Dee. But don't turn your back on me." There was a poignant desperation in Hank's voice. "God, I miss you so much!" He clasped the boy's naked hips with his brawny hands and kissed his smooth flat stomach.

"How can you miss me?" the youth asked seriously, peeking from beneath his black hat. "I'm with you might near all the time."

"It isn't like it used to be," Hank said as he held the boy's limp prick and pumped it slowly. "Ever since Mike Wolfe hit the pro rodeo circuit, you've been walkin' around in a dream... like a goddamned love-sick girl."

Billy Dee didn't answer Hank's accusation, because he knew it was true. Mike Wolfe was the most gorgeous stud he had ever seen, and the horny youth entertained constant fantasies of fucking with him. Thoughts of Mike Wolfe caused Billy Dee's prick to begin swelling in Hank's hand.

Hank kissed the tip of Billy Dee's upthrust, stiffening cock. A droplet of clear pre-cum emerged from the piss-slit and Hank picked it up with the tip of his tongue, savoring the bittersweet flavor. The cock became increasingly rigid in his hand, growing longer and thicker. Hank pushed Billy Dee's plaid shirt upward, revealing his muscular chest and beautifully scalloped

abdomen. The veins in the youth's taut belly were faintly visible, and he was breathing rapidly.

Billy Dee imagined it was Mike Wolfe's tongue lapping at the tip of his prick, and his cock jerked abruptly to stiff attention.

Hank opened his mouth and slid his soft warm lips down over the youth's upthrust cock-shaft. Holding onto the boy's naked hips, he took the cock deeply into his mouth, forcing the blunt cock-head into the tight confines of his throat.

"Oh shit, that feels good!" Billy Dee gasped, squirming his ass to fuck his prick deeper into the other cowboy's throat. He reached down and curled his fingers into Hank's shaggy brown hair, imagining it was Mike Wolfe's beautiful black hair. The hat over Billy Dee's face obliterated his view of Hank, making it easier for him to maintain the illusion. "Suck it, man! Suck that cock!"

Hank smiled secretly as he stood up and bent over between the boy's spread knees, angling his neck so the long cock-lance could fuck smoothly into his throat. His ovaled lips came to rest at the thick base of the cock. Then he began to twist his head, creating a screwing motion of his mouth and throat on the rigid prick. His mustache tangled with the curly hair surrounding the base of the cock.

Billy Dee, turned on by the fantastic sensation of having his prick crammed so deeply into Hank's throat, finally raised up.

The young cowboy tilted his hat back rakishly and watched the older wrangler sucking his cock. His sensuous lips curled into a faint smile as he watched Hank's handsome face plunging up and down on his big prick, feeling his prick fuck into the guy's throat with each downward motion. Hank was a good cock-sucker, and his expertise soon obviated any necessity on Billy Dee's part for fantasies of Mike Wolfe. The youth had almost forgotten how good it could be, fucking with Hank.

The sound of an engine outside caused Billy Dee to glance out the window. Buck McGill's battered pickup truck was parking nearby, its headlights illuminating the other motorhomes, campers and trailers on the big parking lot behind the San Antonio Coliseum.

The rodeo contestants, a ragtag assemblage of wranglers who lived on the road, always created their own modern version of the wagon train at each host city. Each encampment—traditionally the scene of all-night parties, country music, continuous boozing, frequent brawls and play-for-blood poker games—resembled a gypsy caravan.

Overall, the scene remained much the same from city to city on the professional rodeo circuit. But there were always new faces as bright-eyed, bushy-tailed newcomers replaced old-timers who had sustained insufferable financial losses.

Rodeo had drawn Billy Dee Jones and Hank Logan from one town to the next for two years. They had been an inseparable team ever since Hank—who had been rodeoing most of his life—picked up the blond curly-haired youngster at an amateur rodeo event in Abilene. Billy Dee was on his way up now, and his consistently high scores in the arena had already earned him the coveted Best Overall Rookie award in the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association.

Hank—who had once been named Best All-Around Cowboy by the American Rodeo Association—was already considered over the hill at thirty-one.

Like all the other cowboys on the circuit, Hank and Billy Dee didn't rodeo so much for the money as for the glory of it. Win or lose, they found themselves always drawn to the next city by the lure of the sounds, the sights, the smells and the incredible excitement of the rodeo. They only felt at home in air laden with dust and the aroma of horse manure and hay.

Rodeo was a sport for the young and the proud, and there was no place in the arena for those who couldn't consistently score well. Each cowboy was required to put up substantial amounts of money to compete in each event, gambling on his luck and skill in the arena. A few big winners went on to fame and fortune; most competitors did well to break even over the long haul; big losers went on to bankruptcy. And then there was the occasional all-out loser, who left the dusty arena once and for all on a stretcher, shrouded in a white sheet for his journey to the big rodeo in the sky.

“Buck McGill just got back,” Billy Dee said, his voice strained as he tensed under Hank’s fantastic cock-sucking. “Reckon the poker game’s done over?”

Hank raised up, letting the youth’s spit-soaked cock flop back against his muscular abdomen.

“Those ole boys probably cleaned him out,” Hank said, “like they always do.” He held Billy Dee’s cock upright again, examining it with critical eyes. “Goddamn, I think your prick’s grown an inch since I met you in Abilene, Billy Dee. You ever measure it?”

“My cock’s still the same size it was when I left Pecos,” the boy laughed, tousling Hank’s hair. “Every few months, you go tellin’ me my cock’s grewed, when it ain’t no such thing. I think the hornier you get, the bigger my cock looks—that’s what I think.”

“Naw, your prick’s bigger than it was in Abilene,” Hank persisted, eying the huge hunk of cock-meat that towered near his face. “Where’s that tape measure I used to keep in the tool box?”

“Let’s get naked!’ Billy Dee said excitedly. “You keep fiddlin’ around with my cock like that, I’m liable to cum all over your hand. I thought you wanted to fuck.”

Hank stood up, looking down at the sprawled young cowboy. The boy’s shirt was pushed up around his chest and his Levi’s were crumpled down around his ankles; his cock lay stiffly against his belly, reaching up past his navel, and his big golden-furred balls drooped between his legs.

“I thought you were tired of fuckin’ the same ole asshole all the time,” Hank said with a knowing grin.

“Well hell,” Billy Dee said, “that was before you crammed my pecker down your gullet ’n got me all hot ’n bothered.”

The handsome teenager sat up, running his fingers through his curly blond hair as he pushed his hat off the back of his head, letting the hat fall and roll off the bed. He stood up, and the long tails of his shirt fell downward over his naked loins. He drew Hank into a close embrace, rubbing his smooth upper lip against the big stud’s wiry brown mustache.

“I’m hot,” Billy Dee whispered.

“I knew you were, you little fart,” Hank murmured, grasping the youth’s firmly rounded buns beneath his shirt and squeezing. “You just like to play hard to get.”

“Shit, I’m easy,” the boy smiled. He rubbed his hard prick against Hank’s crotch, feeling naughtily naked as his bare legs touched Hank’s jeans. “I hear tell I was voted the easiest gay lay in the American Rodeo Association this year.”

“I don’t know about that,” Hank said as he unsnapped the front of Billy Dee’s shirt, “but you sure as hell got my vote for cutest little fucker in the ARA.” he pulled the youth’s shirt off his shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. “You’re the sexiest little bastard I ever met.”

“I ain’t little,” Billy Dee said indignantly as he stood naked before Hank, trying unsuccessfully to step out of the wadded jeans as his ankles. “How come you always say I’m little? Hell, I’m tall as you!”

“I gotta admit, you’re right,” Hank said, looking over the youth’s hunky body, which was a powerhouse of solid muscle. “But you’re only eighteen, and I’m thirty-one. I guess I mean young when I say little. Okay?”

“Yeah, okay—just between us,” Billy Dee said as he reached out and unsnapped Hank’s fancy embroidered western shirt, revealing his hairy chest. “But don’t call me a little fart in front of Mike Wolfe no more. You embarrass me, man.”

“Awww!” Hank teased. “Big ole tough Billy Dee Jones gets embarrassed! Who’d ever guess?”

“I mean it, fucker!” the youth said, punching Hank playfully on the shoulder. “I ain’t no fuckin’ toy. I’m a man!”

“Goddamn, don’t I know it!” Hank smiled as he enveloped Billy Dee’s brawny shoulders with his arms. He peered into the youth’s blue eyes, a serious expression on his face now. “You’re the most man I ever got my hands on, Billy Dee—and that’s no bull.” He grasped the boy’s stiff prick while he kissed him passionately.

“Turn out the fuckin lights—you perverts!” a man’s voice shouted outside.

“Shit fire!” Hank blurted, so startled by the realization they had an audience that he shoved Billy Dee over onto the bed.

“It’s just Buck McGill,” Billy Dee laughed as he flopped over onto his stomach and peered out into the darkness. “That you, Buck?”

“Yep.” There were a couple of hiccups. “Just walkin’ the dog before I turn in.”

“You better not be pissin’ on our new motorhome!

“You sure got a cute butt, Billy Dee,” Buck said as he moved near the window. Light from the interior caused his reddish-blond hair to glisten as he looked in.

Hank clambered onto the bed beside Billy Dee. “Hey man,” he whispered to Buck, “this isn’t a damned peep-show. Why don’t you go on back to your trailer?”

“I lost eighty-four dollars over at Tex Johnson’s poker game,” Buck said, as if he hadn’t even heard Hank. “Them guys are a bunch of cut-throats... flat cleaned me out!” He kept staring at Billy Dee’s bare ass. “Mike Wolfe’s winning big, though.”

“Good night, Buck,” Hank said sternly. “Adios... buenos noches... get lost!”

“Hey, Billy Dee,” Buck whispered anxiously, pressing his face against the window screen. “My cock’s sure lonesome for your cute butt. How ’bout lettin’ me fuck you—after Hank gets done fuckin’ you, huh?”

“Hey, cowboy!” Hank snapped, getting up onto his knees and leaning toward the window. “You want me to come out there ’n stomp your ass?”

“You ’n who else?” Buck said cockily.

“You guys stop it!” Billy Dee blurted. “Damn! Y’all act like I was the only young dude on the circuit.”

“You’re damn sure the best fuck in this here rodeo,” Buck laughed. “I ain’t forgot you bouncin’ on my cock all night that time in Albuquerque.” He kept hiccuping, and his words were slightly slurred. “Listen here, Billy Dee... you just skip right over to my trailer when the old-timer there’s done fuckin’ your ass, ’n I’ll give you some real fuckin’. You hear?”



“I fuck him.”

“Old-timer!” Hank snorted. “That does it!” He drew back and rammed his fist through the window screen, narrowly missing Buck’s jaw. “You smart-ass bastard! Get your tail outa here.”

“Remember Albuquerque, Billy Dee!” Buck called over his shoulder as he ran toward his trailer, his boots clomping hollowly on the asphalt.

“When I get through moppin’ up San Antonio with that bastard’s face, he’ll remember the Alamo,” Hank said, lying back down, still in his clothes and boots.

“Look what you done to the window, you dumb shit,” Billy Dee said.

“Hell,” Hank said, resting his manure-splattered boot on the edge of the bed, “Buck’s not much younger than me. He just looks like a kid.” He turned on his side, narrowing his eyes at Billy Dee. “So, Buck fucked your ass in Albuquerque, huh? Where the shit was I when this little party happened?”

“Don’t worry about it, man,” Billy Dee said, drawing Hank to him and kissing him briefly. He tried to throw one leg over Hank, but the jeans that were still wadded around his ankles restrained him. “Damnably tight fuckin’ jeans!” He managed to free one foot from the tangle of denim. “Get undressed, Hank, ’n let’s fuck.”

“Now you’re talkin’,” Hank said as he got up and switched off the overhead light.

A shaft of subdued light from the motorhome’s dining area illuminated Billy Dee’s muscular young body as he threw his jeans against the wall and flopped back, lying on his back with his hands cupped behind his head. The position accentuated the sexy “V” shape of his torso, and his curly hair glinted with flecks of gold in the faint light.

Hank’s boots thudded onto the floor and he stripped quickly, tossing his clothes haphazardly about the room. He stood naked beside the bed, stretching muscles that were still sore from a bad ride on a bareback bronc at that evening’s performance. From where Billy Dee lay, Hank’s hunky form was silhouetted against the dim light from the dining area. The back-lighting caused the curly brown hair on his legs to take on a reddish hue.

“You didn’t hurt that shoulder again, did you?” Billy Dee asked.

“No, it’s okay,” Hank said, twisting his head from side to side slowly. “But that fuckin’ bronc like to have snapped my head clean off my shoulders before he threw me.” He rubbed the back of his neck. “That fucker came out of the chute before I was ready. Oh, shit... my neck hurts.”

“C’mere, ’n let me rub it for you,” Billy Dee said, taking Hank’s hand and pulling him down onto the bed.

The older cowboy sprawled on his stomach with a groan. “Damn if I keep fuckin’ up like that, they’re gonna start callin’ me ‘No Score Logan’. I gotta get my shit together.”

“You will,” Billy Dee whispered as he straddled his lover’s back and began rubbing his tense neck soothingly. “You just been drawin’ some rotten broncs lately.”

“We both know it’s not the horses.” Hank began to relax under the welcome massaging of his thick neck. “I’ve just flat lost it. Hell, I used to be better than you, and look at me now. That goddamned ‘No Official Score’ light’s gonna be my tombstone if I don’t straighten out ’n fly right.”

Billy Dee wanted to change the subject. “Whewee! Your feet stink!”

“They do not. It must be yours.”

“I bet you ain’t changed socks since we left Dallas.”

Hank reached back and grasped the boy’s cock, which was only partially hard. “You gonna fuck me? Or you just wanna raise hell all night?”

“Oh, yeah,” Billy Dee kidded. “I plumb forgot what we was doin’ here.”

“You little fart!” Hank laughed, trying to press the youth’s stiffening prick into his ass-crevice.

Billy Dee slumped forward, bringing his weight down on Hank and aligning his prick in the big stud’s ass-crack. He pressed his face into the back of Hank’s shaggy brown hair and held onto his bulging biceps with both hands. Inhaling the familiar aroma of his lover’s hair, the youth squirmed his hips, causing his cock to slide up and down within the hairy crevice between Hank’s manly buns.

“I’m sorry I been mean to ya, Hank,” the boy murmured. “I don’t rightly know what’s the matter with me here lately, but you sure don’t deserve what I been dishin’ out.” He kissed the cowboy’s brawny shoulder tenderly. “I still love ya.”

“Old wore-out asshole and all, huh?”

“If your ass is wore out, I’m the one that done it,” Bill Dee said, grinning cutely as he nibbled at Hank’s earlobe. “So I just reckon I’ll have to make do with you.”

Hank humped his ass upward, trying to maneuver the head of the youth’s hard prick against his anxious asshole.

“Slow down there, pardner!” Billy Dee laughed. “Lemme lick that stud ass of yours before I fuck it.”

The boy moved downward, licking along Hank’s spine and into the hairy crevice of his ass. Kneeling between the cowboy’s legs, he ran his tongue rapidly up and down the length of the furry ass-crack, savoring the familiar flavor of Hank’s salty sweat and inhaling the ever-present aroma of leather. He used both hands to grasp the guy’s big firm ass-cheeks, spreading the sinewy mounds of hairy flesh apart as he licked up and down through the dense curly hair in the ass-crevice.

“Oh yeah!” Hank rasped, raising his ass and shuddering at the touch of the boy’s hot tongue. “Yeahhh!”

Billy Dee reached between Hank’s legs and found his hard prick. He stroked the cowboy’s big uncut cock, skimming the loose outer cock-skin back and forth over the rigid inner core while he licked his hairy ass. Hank’s big furry balls dangled against Billy Dee’s forearm while he jacked his cock, pulling the foreskin back and feeling the damp cock-head with his fingertips. A slime of warm pre-cum already coated the cock-knob, and the youth rubbed his fingertips sensuously over the piss-slit, smearing more pre-cum over the blunt cock-tip.

Abruptly, Billy Dee stopped lapping-up and down the crevice of Hank’s butt and began running the tip of his tongue in circles around the pucker of his asshole. The titillating swirling of his tongue around that sensitive flesh caused Hank to tense for a moment. Then the exquisite pleasure relaxed his

sphincter, causing his asshole to gape open. Billy Dee's tongue darted into the open fuck-hole, probing the delicate inner flesh of Hank's ass.

"Oh, God!" Hank moaned, holding onto his own head as if to control himself. "I love it, man! Aw, do it!"

The boy's nose was pressed into Hank's hairy ass-crack and his tongue wallowed wildly inside his asshole, stimulating Hank into producing a copious flow of pre-cum. The warm fluid coated Billy Dee's fingers as he continued jacking Hank's prick. The sticky wetness caused lewd sounds as the youth's fist flew up and down Hank's thick prickshaft.

The taste of Hank's randy ass brought Billy Dee into a state of high anxiety quickly. He knew his big prick would soon be fucking into that hot asshole his tongue was presently probing, and knowing that gave him a burning, tingling hard-on.

There was something about the taste and smell of a cowboy's ass that drove Billy Dee wild. It wasn't just the sweat and grime of a hard-working stud that thrilled him—it was the combination of that and the aroma of leather. Cowboy's asses always smelled strongly of leather. Hundreds of hours in the saddle left a wrangler's butt permeated with the fragrant aroma of leather, permeated to such an extent that the cleanest cowboy asses around still reeked of leather. The distinctive smell of a cowboy's body—a combination of aromas from hay, manure and leather—was part of the mystique of the rodeo cowboy. It was the smell of manliness.

As far as Billy Dee was concerned, a clean cowboy was a prissy cowboy. And he wanted no part of prissiness.

Wallowing his tongue in the hot depths of Hank's manly ass, Billy Dee began jacking his own prick while he kept pumping on Hank's cock with his other hand. Hank felt the boy's pendulous balls swinging against the side of his leg and knew what he was doing.

"Don't waste any of it, Billy Dee!." Hank began to lurch backward, rising onto his knees and causing the boy's tongue to run up his ass-crack and onto his lower back. Anxiously, he squirmed into a dog-style fucking position against the youth's crotch. "Come on, man. Cram that big fucker of yours up my butt!"

“Boy! You’re hotter than I ever seen you,” Billy Dee said, wrapping his muscular arms around Hank’s hairy chest. “I think you need some big ole Texas cock to settle you down.”

“Awww-hawww! San Antone!” Hank yelled loudly, bucking his ass against the youth’s hard cock like a female cat in heat.

“Shut up that racket over yonder!” Buck McGill shouted from his trailer.

## CHAPTER TWO

“Hank! Quit waggin’ your butt so I can hit your asshole,” Billy Dee said as he grabbed the cowboy’s hips and tried to hold him still. “Shit, this is worse than wrestlin’ a fuckin’ steer!”

Hank tried to control his excitement, but it was impossible. Even while he held his upthrust ass still for the cock he wanted so badly, he switched his head from side to side frantically.

Billy Dee quickly wedged the head of his prick into Hank’s hairy ass-crevice, pushing the blunt cock-knob against the panting wrangler’s spit-drenched asshole. Before he could fuck forward, Hank lurched backward, impaling himself on the cock. Billy Dee felt Hank’s well-lubricated sphincter slip over the flared head of his cock like a warm glove.

“Ohhh, yeah!” Hank groaned, stopping momentarily as he felt his ass-rings spreading around the youth’s thick cock-meat. He reached between his legs and felt Billy Dee’s big prick, which was only partially embedded in his ass. “Just fuck it to me slow ’n easy now, man.”

While Hank crouched dog-style, the blond youngster fed him the cock slowly. Billy Dee felt the hunky stud’s sphincter slipping jerkily along his cock-lance, advancing in small increments and resisting at intervals, then slipping and grabbing again. Slowly and relentlessly, he plowed his big prick into the hot buttery depths of Hank’s ass.

“Your ass musta shrunk,” Billy Dee muttered. “You’re tighter ’n all hell, man.”

“I oughta be tight,” Hank said, gritting his teeth for a moment as the boy’s prick fucked deeper into his guts. “My ass got a good rest while you were pining away over Mike Wolfe.” He glanced back over his shoulder at his handsome young lover. “You know it’s been two weeks since we fucked!”

Billy Dee didn’t respond, and he tried hard to keep from thinking about Mike Wolfe. He was just beginning to enjoy the familiar feel of Hank’s body, and he really wanted to give Hank the good fucking he deserved. Hank was there, after all, and wanted to fuck. He was what was happening.

Mike Wolfe, for all his incredible beauty, was only a fantasy fuck—he was straight and unavailable.

“Hold it there,” Hank gasped when he felt the youth’s soft crotch hair contact his ass-cheeks as the base of the cock spread his ass-ring grossly. “Ohhhh, man!”

“You okay?” Billy Dee asked quietly, holding his kneeling position and keeping his ample cock-meat stuffed up Hank’s ass.

“Sure,” Hank said. “I’m just so fuckin’ happy to be with you like this again.” He reached back and grasped the youth’s powerfully muscular thighs. “Thank you, Billy Dee thank you, baby.”

“Don’t talk like that, Hank.” The boy’s face was contorted momentarily with a grimace of discomfort. “You make me feel like a jerk talkin’ like that—like I’m doin’ you a favor to fuck you.”

“I’m sorry,” Hank said quietly. “I didn’t mean it like that.”

Billy Dee detected a disconcerting melancholy tone in Hank’s voice, an incongruous note of sadness that put the youth on edge. He knew what it meant. He wished he hadn’t known, but he did.

“You ain’t losin’ me, Hank,” Billy Dee whispered as he leaned forward, keeping his cock-meat stuffed up Hank’s ass. He fitted his hard belly and wide chest to his lover’s ass and back and began to fuck slowly. “How many times I gotta tell ya? Wild horses couldn’t drag me outa your life, man.”

“Don’t talk,” Hank muttered, swaying his big manly ass and causing the youth’s prick to churn his ass-guts. “Just fuck me.”

“Don’t you know you’re my daddy, big brother, ’n stud lover all rolled into one?” Billy Dee said as he fucked Hank’s ass lazily and held onto his broad shoulders. “Hell. Might near everything I know, I learnt from you. Just ’cause I got eyes for another guy once in a while don’t mean I don’t love you no more, Hank.” He leaned to one side, peering around at Hank’s face. “You hear me?”

“You silver-tongued little bastard,” Hank chuckled, clamping his hand over the boy’s hand and squeezing. “You could charm the fuckin’ birds right outa the trees.”

Billy Dee stopped fucking. “I ain’t tryin’ to charm you, you blockhead! I’m tellin’ you the God’s truth. If you hadn’t of took an interest in me, I’d of probably spent the rest of my life choppin’ down mesquite trees fer the Pecos Charcoal Company.”

“You were doin’ just fine ropin’ calves in that little rodeo at Abilene when I first met you,” Hank said. “You’d have made it into the PRCA without my help, so don’t sell yourself short.”

“Naw, I never would’ve had the guts to get on them bulls ’n broncs if you didn’t—”

“Goddamn it,” Hank laughed, lurching forward and causing the boy’s cock to slither from his ass. “I’m gonna get some real fuckin’ outa you tonight, if I have to tape your mouth and tie you to the bed.”

Hank startled his young buddy by flopping onto his back and throwing his legs upward. He lowered his knees back toward his own shoulders, bending his limber body almost double. Thrusting his arms between his legs, he spread his arms outward, pressing against the backs of his knees and forcing his knees all the way down against the mattress on either side of his broad shoulders.

“I’ll even let you fuck me on my back—like a lady,” Hank said, grinning from between his contorted legs. “But if you tell anybody, I’ll deny it.”

Billy Dee couldn’t believe his studly lover was finally willing to take a cock up his ass while on his back. Hank detested that position, imagining it to be unmanly, and the boy’s frequent attempts to manipulate him into getting fucked that way usually ended in both of them going to sleep with their backs to each other.

“Yeeee-hawwww!” Billy Dee yelled enthusiastically, falling forward and jamming his cock against Hank’s balls in his excitement.

“Awww-hawww!” Buck shouted back from his trailer across the way. “Fuck him good!”

“All you cock-suckers shut up!” someone else hollered from another trailer

“You shut up!” Buck shouted irritably.



“That crazy bastard’s drunk as a skunk,” Billy Dee whispered as he fucked his long cock-lance in to the balls in one smooth fuck-stroke.

“Oh, God, that’s good!” Hank murmured as he took all of the boy’s prick into his ass guts. In his doubled-back position, the very base of the cock entered his asshole and he could feel Billy Dee’s pubic hair tickling his stretched ass-pucker. “Hit it now, man! Fuck the shit outa me!”

Billy Dee began to fuck in earnest, plunging his huge prick in and out of the studly cowboy’s ass in a rapid series of violent fuck-thrusts. His big hairy balls slapped against Hank’s butt with every lunge. The wildly fucking youth’s naked ass became a blur in the subdued light as he ravaged his buddy’s ass-guts with his long thick fucker.

Suddenly realizing he was already about to blast his cum-load, Billy Dee simmered down and slowed the pace of his fucking. He rarely got Hank to take it on his back this way, and he wanted to make this fuck last. The youth loved it when he got to fuck a guy on his back, the position making the asshole more vulnerable and permitting deeper and more complete penetration by the cock.

Wallowing his cock from side to side and churning Hank’s ass-guts thoroughly, Billy Dee leaned forward and kissed him. Hank’s wiry mustache scraped his smooth upper lip and tickled the boy’s nose while they kissed. Billy Dee grasped the handsome stud’s ankles, pushing his legs back even farther while he fucked him with a combination of gyrating motions that caused the embedded cock-lance to probe at every conceivable angle within his body.

Hank wrapped his arms around the young cowboy’s brawny back while their tongues swirled together. He reached up and ran his fingers through the youth’s beautiful curly hair, grunting into his mouth as the cock churned excruciatingly in his plundered ass-guts.

Billy Dee, feeling the urgency of his impending climax pass, increased the tempo of his fucking again. They went on kissing while he fucked Hank rapidly, the repeated plunging of his cock causing suctioning sounds as he liquified the stud’s guts. The boy began to completely withdraw his prick from the asshole with every backward lurch of his hips, instantly fucking back in and driving his cock into the balls.

It was rough fucking, but Billy Dee knew Hank liked his ass fucked that way. The complete withdrawal of the cock on every out-stroke allowed Hank's sphincter to snap shut for a moment, only to be abruptly spread open again by the blunt cock-head as it fucked back into his ass.

They broke their long kiss and Billy Dee rested his forehead against Hank's chest, arching his back up and fucking furiously. With every fuck-thrust, the boy's hard flat belly contacted Hank's tautly stretched ass-cheeks, causing a loud smacking sound that punctuated the obscene slurping and gurgling noises emanating from the big stud's asshole. It was a hot humid night in San Antonio, the two men were soon sweating profusely from the strenuous exertions of their fucking. Glistening streams of perspiration ran down Billy Dee's chest, trickling over his rippled abdomen and onto his flat belly. The film of sweat on his stomach added to the loudness of the lewd slapping sounds as he fucked Hank's ass.

Hank was groaning in ecstasy and Billy Dee grunted with every violent fuck-thrust. The cramped bedroom of the motorhome was filled with the lusty, lurid sounds of good fucking.

Those obscene sounds didn't go unnoticed outdoors, either.

Mike Wolfe, staggering back to his camper with his wallet full of winnings from the poker game and his belly full of Lone Star beer, wasn't so drunk as to fail to recognize the sound of a good fuck in progress when he heard it.

"Ah-ha!" he breathed when he had determined the source of the groaning, grunting and wet smacking sounds. "Billy Dee's knockin' off a piece of ass! About time, too."

Mike, who wore black all the time to match his curly black hair, wasn't easily noticed in the dark parking lot. Stealthily, he crept up to the bedroom window of the motorhome. He noticed the screen had been devastated and grinned, figuring the girl Billy Dee was fucking had probably gotten overly excited and put her foot through the window.

"Aw shit, this is good fuckin'!" Billy Dee said excitedly.

Mike Wolfe put his hand over his mouth to keep from giggling aloud. He wanted to spy on Billy Dee and try to see if the girl was one of the voluptuous cowgirls who rode with Honeypot Malone in her daredevil

horseback acts. Mike had heard rumors that Billy Dee was gay, but he had never believed such a wholesome-looking boy could possibly be a fag. Now, he was certain the gossip he had heard was unfounded.

“It was sure as hell worth waitin’ for,” Hank rasped.

Mike’s eyes opened widely and he jumped away from the window, standing with his back flat against the motorhome.

*What the goddamned hell is this?* he thought. *That sounded like Hank Logan’s voice!*

Suddenly, it wasn’t funny any more. Mike’s handsome face twisted into a scowl. Had he been carousing and playing poker and getting drunk with a bunch of cock-suckers?

At twenty-two, Mike Wolfe thought he was pretty worldly, even though he had spent most of his life in Cheyenne, Wyoming. He knew there were gay cowboys on the pro rodeo circuit. But he had thought he could spot them easily enough. And he had avoided the guys he knew were gay. But Hank and Billy Dee? It just didn’t make any sense. He had thought he knew them well, especially Billy Dee.

He decided it was possible they were both in there fucking around with the girl—maybe there were a couple of girls in there. He decided to have a look. He had to know.

When Mike moved back to the window, there was no longer any room for theorizing about what was going on inside. In the dim light coming from the other room, he could clearly see that Billy Dee Jones was fucking the shit out of Hank Logan.

The cowboy from Wyoming recoiled in disgust at first, leaning against the motorhome and closing his eyes to try and obliterate the shocking scene he had just witnessed. But he couldn’t close his ears—and the slurping and smacking sounds of the two studly wranglers’ wild fucking kept the mental image of what he had just seen vivid in his mind.

Mike shook his head, hardly able to believe those were the same guys who just that day had ridden wildly bucking broncos and some of the meanest Brahma bulls in Texas. He felt inexplicably threatened by the

realization that the two men fucking inside the motorhome were, in all other respects, no different from him.

“You like it?” Hank asked Billy Dee as the sweating youth continued to fuck his ass in a frenzy of activity.

“Does a hog like mud?” the boy laughed, fucking noisily and lustily atop his lover while he held his legs back.

“I guarantee you one thing,” Hank said breathlessly. “you won’t get any action like this with Mike Wolfe so don’t you forget where the fuckin’ was good. Okay?”

Mike Wolfe was startled out of his wits. Why was his name being bandied about in there? He suddenly felt as if he had been violated in some abstract way. It was unnerving. Billy Dee stopped fucking, annoyed by Hank’s insistence on discussing Mike Wolfe.

“Look, Hank—Mike and me are just friends,” the boy said seriously. “I admit, I think the son of a bitch is gorgeous. And I’ve had some fantasies about him. But he’s straight, ’n I ain’t completely stupid. I like the hell out of him, but that’s far as it goes.” He bent down and kissed Hank on the forehead. “So, damn it, quit your worryin’ and get off my back about Mike Wolfe.”

“I can’t help but remember that you and Buck McGill were just friends in Denver,” Hank said. “But by the time we worked Albuquerque, you two were asshole buddies.”

“That’s not the same,” Billy Dee insisted.

“Buck’s gay, like us. Mike’s so fuckin’ straight it’s a wonder he’s able to go in circles in the arena.”

“No man that pretty could be a hundred percent straight,” Hank said. “Hell, if I was that good lookin’, I’d get horny every time I looked in a mirror.”

Outside, Mike Wolfe flinched, frowning at Hank’s remark. He knew that much was true—he did love to see himself in mirrors. He especially loved to stand naked before full-length mirrors and admire his athletic body. But what the hell did that have to do with anything? It was a giant step from

admiring his own good looks to jumping in the sack with another guy and fucking him—and that was one step Mike had no intention of ever taking.

“If you mention Mike Wolfe one more time tonight, I swear I’m gonna get right up and go over to his camper ’n see if he wants a blow-job!” Billy Dee said. “I’m tryin’ to enjoy some good fuckin’ with you, but you just won’t go with it. Now relax ’n lemme get off up your ass—then I’ll suck you off.”

“My lips are sealed,” Hank said with an impish grin.

Mike was in total agreement with Billy Dee. He saw no reason why he should be under discussion in the midst of all this perversion. It had nothing to do with him.

There was no more conversation inside, but Mike could tell from the lewd sounds that ensued that some hot ass-fucking was once again under way. He started to leave, telling himself he wished he had never seen this nor heard any of it.

He had liked Billy Dee Jones a lot, but now he wouldn’t be able to relate to him in the same way as before. Knowing the boy had sexual fantasies about him would make things different. He knew it shouldn’t change anything, yet he felt it would. Mike realized he would feel inhibited around Billy Dee now, and that things could not be the same as before.

Mike Wolfe had only taken a few steps away from the motorhome when he realized something else—he did have a certain partially repressed curiosity about such things. Thinking he might never have another opportunity to satisfy that curiosity, he decided to watch Billy Dee and Hank making love, just to see what two guys actually did when they were together that way. It wasn’t, after all, the sort of thing Mike could see any day of the week.

Stepping back to the window, Mike quietly observed the two cowboys fucking on the bed just inside. The faint light inside kept them from seeing him in the darkness outside, and he was able to get a good view of the action.

Hank had clamped his legs around Billy Dee’s narrow waist, and the boy was still fucking his long cock-lance frenziedly in the older man’s ass. Both cowboys glistened with beads of sweat, and the lewd sounds of the big

prick plunging into the over-fucked asshole made the whole thing seem incredibly naughty.

Mike had never seen Billy Dee naked before, and he was surprised at the youth's striking muscular definition. The boy's abdominal muscles rippled sexily as he lurched back and forth, fucking the cock-meat to Hank. He noticed how powerfully muscular Billy Dee's legs were, and how smooth and hairless his young body looked in the subdued light.

It startled Mike Wolfe when he became consciously aware that he was perceiving Billy Dee's naked body as a thing of erotic beauty. And, what was worse, Mike's prick was swelling and stiffening in his jeans while he watched the handsome youth fucking the other cowboy. When he really gave it some thought, Mike had to admit that Billy Dee Jones was a beautiful boy—beautiful enough to stiffen a prick that had never before responded to such things. He was hardly aware of Hank, but he couldn't take his eyes off Billy Dee.

Mike reached down and felt his own hard cock-bulge, tracing the form of his cock through the denim while he watched the two sweating cowboys fucking. He had consumed a great deal of beer at Tex Johnson's poker game, and he figured that was as good an excuse as any for his present behavior. He would worry about the deeper implications later.

Unfastening his huge belt buckle—his trophy as current holder of the ARA's Best, All-Around Cowboy title—Mike Wolfe tugged his hard prick out of his tight jeans. His hand felt good on his throbbing cock, and he began jacking off while he peeped in the motorhome window.

"Aw, fuck!" Billy Dee gasped, lifting Hank's, legs and holding them aloft as he lunged roughly against his ass. "I'm gonna cum pretty soon."

"I sure as hell hope so," Hank said. "My ass is numb."

"Here it comes, Hank! Here it comes!"

Billy Dee's powerful body tensed, all his muscles bulging into bold relief. The scalloped muscles of his abdomen seemed to freeze, remaining prominent. The veins in his flat stomach were momentarily distended, and his neck muscles stood out. He fucked his cock all the way into Hank's ass and halted his lurching abruptly.

Mike was amazed when he was able to hear Billy Dee's immense cum-load gurgling and squirting from Hank's ass.

"Oh, God! Aw, shit!" Billy Dee rasped as his pendulous balls unloaded their pent-up jism.

"I heard it!" Hank sighed, although he had been unable to feel anything. "Damn, boy—you must've blasted a gallon of cum up my butt. I actually heard it."

Cum was still belching from Billy Dee's cock, filling Hank's cock-stuffed ass and gurgling back out around the base of the prick. Warm fuck-juice drooled down onto Billy Dee's hairy balls and trickled down his muscular legs.

Mike Wolfe could see the cum glistening in streams as it ran down the youth's legs. Excited by the nastiness of what he was seeing, he began beating his meat faster. His hand flew up and down his big circumcised prick, which was already tingling with impending climax.

Billy Dee slithered his glossy cock from Hank's benumbed ass and fell back on the bed. Hank quickly rolled over and took the youth's cum-slimed cock into his mouth, sucking the cock that had just been withdrawn from his own ass.

Mike's jaw dropped, but he kept jacking off. That was the nastiest thing he had ever seen anyone do, and the perversity of it excited him to such an extent that he blew his wad, slinging white streamers of cum all over the outside wall of the motorhome.

"Uuungh!" Mike gasped as he discharged one of the most voluminous cum-loads of his life.

"Somebody's out there!" Billy Dee said quickly, raising up to peer out the window.

He caught a fleeting glimpse of someone in a western hat at the window, but it was too dark outside to recognize the guy. An instant later, they heard the hollow sounds of boots clomping on asphalt, then the sound of a door slamming somewhere nearby. It all happened very quickly.

"Could you see who it was?" Hank asked, raising up after it was all over.

“Some dude in a cowboy hat.”

“Oh, great. That narrows it down to about everybody in the rodeo.”

Billy Dee and Hank looked at each other, both of them grinning as the idea occurred simultaneously.

“Buck McGill!” they said in unison.

“I bet that crazy fucker shot his wad on our new motorhome, if I know him,” Billy Dee said. “He’s always beatin’ his meat, anyhow.”

“How do you know that?”

“I’m goin’ out there ’n have a look,” the boy said, getting up and searching for his jeans in the rubble on the floor. “We can’t have folks gettin’ up in the morning and seein’ cum all over the place—especially under our bedroom window.”

“It’ll dry up,” Hank said irritably, staying in bed. He lay on his side, fondling his partially hard prick. “Who the fuck cares about a little jizz on the damned parkin’ lot, anyway? I thought you were gonna get me off, too.”

Billy Dee finally located his pants. “You just keep that cock hard for me,” he said as he stepped into his jeans. “I’ll be right back.” He reached over and tousled Hank’s hair. “And when I get back, I’m gonna suck you silly.”

The youth went outside barefoot and shirtless, carrying a flashlight. Hank pushed the torn screen aside and leaned out the window, watching while Billy Dee inspected the situation.

“Lookit that!” the boy exclaimed, illuminating the numerous blobs of milky cum that were still slowly running down the metal wall.

Stringy trails of cum glistened on the dark asphalt, and viscous globs of the creamy stuff were still dripping in slow motion to the pavement. “That’s disgusting! Looks like half a dozen guys shot off out here. Shit, I never knew Buck to shoot that.”

The teenager looked up in embarrassment, but Hank just smiled and shook his head as he tossed some rags out. Then Hank ducked back inside, bored with the whole thing. Billy Dee stood there with the light for a moment, regarding the slimy mess he was going to have to clean up.



Had he known it was Mike Wolfe's cum slithering down the wall, the young cowboy would have licked it up and been thrilled to do it. But he thought it was Buck McGill's jism dripping everywhere, and Buck's cum was old hat to Billy Dee. So he wiped it all up with the rags.

Carrying the cum-soaked rags in one hand and the flashlight in the other, Billy Dee walked purposefully over to Buck's trailer and yanked the door open, stepping up inside. He switched on the overhead light.

"What the—" Buck sat bolt upright in his bed, startled at first. "Oh, Billy Dee! You decided to take me up on my offer, huh, kid?"

"I don't wanna ever catch you jackin' off around my motorhome again, Buck McGill," Billy Dee said sternly. "You damned pervert! Here's your jizz back." He threw the cum-drenched rags right in Buck's face, spun around and left.

Buck was stunned. He picked up the cummy rags, turning them in his hands for a moment before he realized what he was handling. Then he threw the rags on the floor and lay back, putting a hand to his aching head.

"Shit! I musta been plastered last night," he muttered. "I don't remember havin' that much fun."

## CHAPTER THREE

A near-capacity crowd filled the huge San Antonio Coliseum for the next afternoon's rodeo performance. It was Sunday, the last day of the San Antonio competition. The grossly amplified sounds of a small western band reverberated in the huge structure, signaling the commencement of the rodeo. The house lights began to dim.

The arena had been filled in with dirt for the rodeo, and tall fences around the arena's perimeter provided seating for the competing cowboys, who were perched along the railings like birds on telephone wires.

Billy Dee Jones was sitting atop a railing near the chute gates at one end of the arena, decked out in his best western outfit. His number was pinned to the back of his plaid shirt, and his black hat was pushed rakishly back on his head.

He was wondering why Mike Wolfe had been avoiding him all day. The boy enjoyed Mike's company immensely, and he couldn't understand why the handsome cowboy was ignoring him. He had climbed up on the fence and sat beside Mike twice, and each time Mike had found some excuse to hop down and attend to affairs over at the chutes. Now, Mike was standing around in front of the chutes, shooting the bull with some other guys. It was obvious there was no pressing business to be seen about.

Billy Dee was puzzled, and a little hurt....

"Welcome to the thirty-fourth annual competition of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association," the announcer's voice boomed as the house lights went out and a spot light pointed out the speaker up in the judges' stand. "The PRCA sponsors these fine rodeos in cities all across the country in cooperation with the Marlboro cigarette people. This performance and the one later this evening at six-thirty will conclude our competition in San Antonio, then most of these great cowboys will be moving on to the next PRCA rodeo in Phoenix. We're just about a month away from the finals, so the cowboys you see here today are contenders for some top honors in the rodeo business. They're collecting points, and only the fifteen top-scoring wranglers will make it to the national finals at Cow Palace in San Francisco

this fall. Those who score well collect some valuable points and take home some money—and those who don't score won't be taking anything home but a little bit of your applause. Now let's get this rodeo started with the showing of the colors."

While Miss Rodeo America galloped around the arena on a magnificent palomino, flying the Texas flag from a tall standard, Billy Dee began looking around for Hank. Bareback bronc riding would be the first event, and Hank had paid his money and drawn a horse. But he was nowhere to be seen.

"You seen Hank?" Billy Dee called to Paco Sanchez, a young Mexican who had only recently become a member of the small clique of gay cowboys on the circuit.

"He's first up!" Paco shouted back, jumping against the wall to keep from being run down by Miss Rodeo America's horse as she headed for the exit gate, Texas flag flying. "He's already in the chute."

Everyone stood up as Honeypot Malone entered the arena at a full gallop, standing in the stirrups astride her famous white horse and flying Old Glory. She took up a position in the center of the arena, within a gigantic horse-show that lit up with blinking lights like a Las Vegas casino's billboard. At the far end of the coliseum, spotlights illuminated a young girl in a sequined white western outfit. She launched into a horrendous rendition of the national anthem.

Billy Dee jumped down to the dirt and ran over to the gates, peering through the white slats in search of Hank.

"He's over yonder in number three," Buck yelled above the singer's screechy voice.

Billy Dee noticed that Mike Wolfe moved purposefully out of his way as he ran to the number three chute and climbed up on the gate. He found Hank inside the chute, legs spread widely apart, boots planted on slats on either side, ready to drop astride the, restless horse below.

"You drew Nitwit?" the youth asked, smiling as he recognized the bronc in the chute beneath Hank. "All right! I told you your luck was gonna change."

“Yeah,” Hank grinned. “Guess I got lucky for a change: At least, if I no-score this time, I can’t blame the horse.”

Nitwit, a well-known bucking bronc, was always favored by rodeo judges because he invariably gave a cowboy a wild ride in classic rodeo tradition, bucking steadily and kicking high while swinging from side to side. In judging such events, the animal’s performance was considered along with that of the cowboy.

“Off the gates, men!” the chute straw boss yelled as the Star Spangled Banner concluded. “Showtime!”

Billy Dee clambered over the top of the gate and sat atop the side of the chute near Hank. Hank had his glove on and was nervously eying the jittery horse below.

The announcer’s voice boomed: “Our first bareback rider today is Hank Logan of Denver, Colorado. Hank is a former recipient of the ARA’s Best All-Around Cowboy award, and a one-time holder of the world championship in steer wrestling. Hank will be riding Nitwit, a world-famous horse that’s sent over a dozen cowboys to the national finals. Here comes Hank Logan!”

“Go get ’em, cowboy!” Billy Dee said quickly, slapping Hank on the ass and winking at him.

Hank dropped astride the bronc, plunging his boots into the high-slung stirrups and grasping the cinch horn. The horse began to act up.

“Let’s go!” Hank shouted, steeling his nerves for thirty seconds of unbelievable violence.

The chute gate flew open. The straw boss whacked the bronc’s flank hard with a piece of rubber hose. The horse burst forth from the chute in a storm of furious bucking and spinning, kicking up clouds of dust as it tried to throw its rider.

Hank hung onto the horn for dear life with his left hand, keeping his right arm upthrust and in sight of the judges; to have touched the horn with his right hand would have been an automatic disqualification.

Thirty seconds seemed an eternity. Hank was thrown forward and backward by the bronc’s high, fast bucking. His hat flew off. His upper

body jerked limply back and forth like a shaken rag doll. With each backward flop of his body, the back of his head nearly touched the bronc's hindquarters and his feet, still within the stirrups, flew above the bronc's head. His chaps popped in resistance to the rapid motion. He was aware of nothing except fast and violent movement. It felt as if his head might be snapped from his shoulders.

In the midst of all this forward and backward lurching, Hank had to contend with Nitwit's simultaneous spinning. The horse spun first one direction, then the other, bucking all the while. The sidewise motion was the worst to cope with, because it was the most likely to dismount a bareback rider.

"Ya-hooo!" Billy Dee yelled, waving his hat wildly as he saw that Hank was going to make it to the whistle this time. "Ride that son of a bitch, Hank!"

The whistle sounded. Hank yanked the rope to release the stirrups and leaped before the mounted pick-up men could snatch him from the bucking, snorting beast. He landed in the dirt on his thigh, rolling with the fall to keep from shattering bones. The pick-up men herded Nitwit from the area as Hank got up, picking up his hat and dusting off his clothes. He was watching the big scoreboard above the chutes.

The scoreboard lit up with the judges' decision: an eighty-nine. Very good.

The announcer's voice filled the coliseum: "Looks like we may have another cowboy on his way to Cow Palace. Let's give Hank Logan a big hand, folks!"

Hank happily ran the distance across the big arena while the crowd applauded and cheered. Billy Dee was down off the fence, running toward him. While attention centered on the next contestant, Hank and Billy Dee came together near the fence and threw their arms around one another's shoulders.

"I knew you could do it," Billy Dee said excitedly as he patted Hank on the back and hugged him at the same time. "You ain't lost your touch."

Then, over Hank's shoulder, Billy Dee saw Mike Wolfe watching them from the sidelines—watching with obvious curiosity. For a split second,

Billy Dee thought he detected something ominous in Mike's grim expression. But, when Mike realized the boy was looking at him, he smiled knowingly and winked. Billy Dee was startled for a moment. Then he smiled and winked back at Mike.

"I'm sure glad you got to see that ride," Hank said as he released his hold on Billy Dee. They scrambled up onto the railing as a new rider and bronc shot out of the chutes. "I was gettin' a little embarrassed about my performance lately."

"Just like old times, huh?" Billy Dee smiled proudly draping his arm around his buddy's broad shoulders as they watched another cowboy go through thirty seconds of hell.

Mike Wolfe stood near the fence, a good distance from Hank and Billy Dee. He crossed one ankle over the other and leaned against the fence while he lit a cigarette. Mike dragged on the cigarette thoughtfully, wondering what had possessed him to smile so provocatively and wink at Billy Dee Jones that way. He had just done it spontaneously, and without premeditation—as if such behavior came naturally. But he had never done a thing like that before in his life.

Trying to analyze his own behavior, Mike began to realize that his fascination with the young cowboy from Pecos had not ended when he shot his wad on the side of the motorhome the night before. He admitted to himself that it wasn't disgust that caused him to avoid the boy today, but his inability to face his own feelings.

Ever since Mike had heard Billy Dee mention giving him a blow-job, he had been entertaining unwanted fantasies of what it might be like to fuck his cock into the mouth of such a handsome youth. But Mike Wolfe wasn't inclined to live life vicariously for very long—he was a man of action.

"Damn!" he said loudly as he threw his cigarette down and stomped it into the dirt. He glanced along the row of cowboys perched along the top of the fence, his eyes focusing on Billy Dee. "One of my best buddies, too. Why the fuck couldn't it have been some stranger?"

Oblivious to the noise and excitement of the rodeo going on around him, Mike Wolfe consciously accepted the fact that he wanted Billy Dee—wanted him the way he usually wanted women. He had never wanted a man

that way before. But now he did. It was simple as that. He decided to do it. And the sooner the better.

The chute foreman motioned to Billy Dee to get over to the chutes; his horse was coming up soon.

Mike watched as Hank put his arm around the boy's shoulders and wished him luck. They were looking at each other with obvious fondness and affection. Billy Dee patted Hank's thigh before he jumped down off the fence. And, despite his misgivings about homosexuality, Mike couldn't help being a bit envious of the deep camaraderie that existed between the two guys.

Billy Dee began jogging toward the chutes. Mike stepped purposefully out in front of the boy, blocking his way. "Hold up a second there, pardner!"

"Yeah? Whatcha want, Mike?" Billy Dee was glancing nervously at the straw boss, who was eying him impatiently.

"When do you want it?" Mike asked, a knowing grin on his handsome face.

"Want what?"

"You know what."

Billy Dee was startled speechless for a moment. Because of what had happened a few minutes earlier, he felt certain he knew what Mike meant. Cock! Yet he couldn't believe it. There was no time to think, no time to sort things out. Hoping to God that Mike was, in fact, talking about sex, Billy Dee decided to grab for the brass ring.

"Is right now too soon?" the boy asked, looking directly into the dark-haired stud's hazel eyes.

Mike laughed at the young cowboy's irrational anxiety. It would have been unthinkable for either of them to forego the afternoon's competition. They were both presently among the top fifteen cowboys in the PRCA, and every possible score point was needed to remain in that elite group that would be going to the national finals. Besides, they had each shelled out hundreds of dollars in entry fees for multiple events in this performance.

“We’ve got a rodeo to work now,” Mike smiled, tipping his hat back cutely. “Meet me at my camper after the show. Okay?”

“This ain’t no joke, is it?” Billy Dee asked nervously.

“No joke,” Mike said seriously. “I promise.”

“Hot damn!” Billy Dee blurted, grinning broadly. “I’ll be there with bells on!”

Hank, still sitting on the fence, had been watching Billy Dee and Mike with more than casual interest. His brow furrowed when he saw Mike swat the boy on the butt and send him on his way. Something was sure as hell going on, and Hank didn’t like it.

Billy Dee was just climbing into his chute when the announcer began his introduction: “Our next bareback rider is Billy Dee Jones of Pecos, Texas. This eighteen-year-old cowboy has been named Best Overall Rookie this year by the PRCA, so he’s a fellow to keep your eye on. Billy Dee will be riding Spitfire in today’s event.”

The gate flew open and Billy Dee hung on as Spitfire bucked into the arena. Two cowboys among those on the sidelines secretly crossed their fingers, wishing him a good ride. He rode his bronc with style until the whistle blew, then he hung on with both hands until the pick-up men could rescue him.

The scoreboard lit up: sixty-eight. Not bad.

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Billy Dee tapped on the door of Mike Wolfe’s camper. The boy was shaking like a leaf, unable to comprehend what had provoked such a drastic change in Mike’s behavior. It was a welcome change, but it had occurred so abruptly that Billy Dee still halfway suspected it might turn out to be some kind of ugly prank.

Opening the door from within, Mike stood in the doorway shirtless and barefoot, just wearing jeans. He smiled down amiably at the jittery boy.

“Come on in,” Mike said. “It’s hot as hell in here, but the beer’s good and cold.”



Billy Dee stepped inside and sat down, propping a boot on one knee, trying to look butch as hell. The portable TV was tuned to a football game.

“Who’s ahead?” he asked, taking the cold can of beer Mike handed him. He didn’t even know who was playing, and couldn’t have cared less who was winning.

“Green Bay’s beatin’ the shit out of Oakland,” Mike said, plopping down on a seat across from Billy Dee.

“Good,” Billy Dee said, guessing from the tone of Mike’s voice that he didn’t like Oakland.

Mike, sprawled his long legs and leaned back, regarding Billy Dee with a flickering smile. He could tell the youth—who had just ridden a Brahma bull without batting an eye—was a nervous wreck in his presence. He decided not to torture the boy with any further suspense.

“How do you wanna do it?” Mike asked with aplomb. “You want me to just flop my prick out? Or you want me naked?”

Billy Dee choked, spewing beer down the front of his shirt. He continued to hold the beer can to his lips, peering over it at Mike, who was chuckling at him.

“Naked,” the boy murmured from behind his beer can.

Mike stood up, unfastening his jeans. As he pushed his pants down, he watched Billy Dee’s eyes. The youth was looking at his white briefs, which were tented with an obvious hard-on.

“You have to understand one thing now, Billy Dee,” the young stud said as he stepped out of his jeans. “All I want is to get my cock sucked.” He put his hands on his hips, ready to lower his underwear. “Any dude tries to stick his cock up my butt, I’ll kill the son of a bitch.”

“I understand,” Billy Dee said, grinning mischievously.

Now, he thought he understood. Having no idea Mike had watched him fucking Hank the night before, Billy Dee assumed someone had been talking too much—probably Buck McGill.

Mike shoved his briefs down quickly, stepping out of them and moving over directly in front of Billy Dee, who remained seated. His huge

circumcised prick stood out at a right angle from his crotch, bobbing rigidly near the boy's face. His balls hung heavily beneath his hard cock. The dense black hair around the base of his cock loomed glossy, and a trace of pre-cum moistened the cleft at the tip of his blue-veined fucker.

"Godamighty!" Billy Dee gasped, reaching and curling his fingers around Mike's throbbing boner. "I can't believe this is happenin'!"

"Believe it," Mike said, moving forward and jabbing the head of his cock against the young cowboy's lips.

Billy Dee oveled his sensuous lips, taking Mike's hard cock into his mouth slowly. As he slid his soft lips down along the length of the cock-lance, his eyes were darting from side to side nervously. Billy Dee still halfway expected a bunch of the guys to burst in, laughing and jeering as flashbulbs went off; such stunts weren't uncommon among the rowdy wranglers on the rodeo circuit.

Impatient with Billy Dee's hesitation, Mike thrust his hips forward roughly, fucking his long cock into the youth's throat. He curled his fingers in Billy Dee's curly blond hair, yanking the boy's head back and forth. Billy Dee gurgled as Mike kept slamming his face onto his big prick, fucking the blunt cock-knob deeply into his throat. Mike was jacking off, using the youth's face instead of his own fist.

Billy Dee raised his eyes, looking up at Mike's smooth hairless abdomen and chest while Mike looked down at his long cock fucking in and out of the boy's angelic young face.

Growing overly excited, Mike tore at Billy Dee's hair, yanking his head back and forth more rapidly and pummeling his tight throat with his cock-head. Billy Dee's scalp stung from the pulling of his hair, and he began to gag on Mike's wildly plunging prick. The fuck-thrusts were coming at such a fast tempo, he couldn't get his breath. He pushed on Mike's hips with both hands, trying to halt the face-fucking before he choked and threw up. Mike kept up the frantic tempo, pounding his cock mercilessly into the boy's gasping, gurgling throat.

Billy Dee raised both arms and came down hard with his fists on Mike's forearms, causing the lust-crazed stud to release his grip on his hair. Billy

Dee lurched backward, leaving the surprised cowboy's glistening prick bobbing in mid-air.

"Hey, man!" Billy Dee gasped indignantly. "What in tarnation's the matter with you? I ain't no heifer out in the back barn."

"Too rough for you, huh?" Mike grinned, actually seeming pleased that he had overwhelmed the young cock-sucker with his big prick.

Billy Dee nodded. "Hell, if you wanna fuck that rough, I better get undressed and let you go at it from the other end."

"I'm not interested in fuckin' any dirty old asshole," Mike said, standing proudly before the youth and jacking his spit-soaked cock.

"This all came on mighty sudden-like," Billy Dee said, his eyes scanning Mike's hunky young body. "How come you all of a sudden decided you wanted me to suck your cock, anyhow?"

"I just did," Mike said. He wantonly wagged his stiff prick in the boy's face. "Come on, Billy Dee—gimme some head!"

"That's just what I wanna do," the young blond said. He slid off the seat and went to his knees, hanging onto Mike's cock. "But you just stand still and quit chargin' me like a damned bull, Lemme suck you my way nice 'n easy." He kissed the tip of the stud's cock. "I know how to make it good for you."

"I just bet you do, too," Mike said cockily. He planted his feet farther apart, put his hands on his hips and sucked in his stomach, posing sexily for the kneeling cowboy. "Go ahead 'n have at it."

Billy Dee was somewhat turned off by Mike Wolfe's conceited attitude. Nevertheless, he thought Mike was the most beautiful man he had ever known, and no amount of humiliation could have stopped him from sucking the guy's cock.

With the harsh sounds of the football game on TV in the background, Billy Dee once again took Mike's prick into his mouth. Clamping his lips just below the flared ridge of the cock-head, he swirled his tongue about the spongy knob of the coveted cock. Then his lips descended along the lengthy shaft of the prick. As his lips approached the thick base of the cock, he

grasped Mike's smooth firm buns, caressing the warm flesh of his ass tenderly.

Billy Dee's throat was spread as the blunt tip of Mike's cock penetrated deeply. His ovaled lips came to rest briefly at the root of the cock, and his nose was pressed into Mike's curly black pubic hair. The boy rubbed his nose from side to side in the stud's thick, wiry crotch hair, causing the cock-knob to wallow within the tight tunnel of his throat.

Backing off the long cock slowly, Billy Dee caressed the hard muscular legs of his handsome buddy, feeling the sparse black hair on his velvet skin. He slurped his mouth from the tip of Mike's prick, then he held the prick while he probed the gaping piss-slit with the tip of his tongue.

While he laved the big glossy head of Mike's cock, Billy Dee looked up with adoring eyes. He wanted to see Mike, to know that this was really Mike Wolfe's prick he was licking.

There was some Cheyenne blood in Mike's family, and he had the tawny, almost hairless skin of his Indian ancestors. He had curly black hair and wore western-style sideburns that gave him a rakish appearance. His hazel eyes seemed to change their hue under varying lighting, looking almost amber in bright light, and dark brown in subdued light. He was strikingly handsome, and had a cleft chin and strong-looking jaw structure.

At twenty-two, the athletic cowboy was in his prime. Every contour of his muscular body seemed perfectly proportioned. His smooth skin and the perfection of his physique lent a vaguely statuesque appearance to his naked body.

Billy Dee ran his tongue down the underside of the thick-veined shaft of Mike's prick, curling his fingers about the cock-lance as he licked down and around the hairy balls. Mike's balls felt solid and heavy against the boy's tongue as he lapped gently over the hairy, crinkly flesh of the ball-sac.

"That feels good," Mike murmured. He grasped Billy Dee's head, taking care to be more gentle with the boy now. "Just keep it up."

Billy Dee looked up again, slowly jacking Mike's huge cock and cupping his cum-laden balls with his other hand.

"You're beautiful, Mike."

The boy couldn't believe he had said that to his straight buddy. He had always wanted to say it, but had never dared to. It felt good to say what he felt. He pressed his face against Mike's flat belly, passionately kissing the smooth flesh he had never really expected to touch.

"Flattery," Mike whispered. "I'm no better-looking than you." He smiled to himself when he said that, because he thought Billy Dee Jones was about as handsome as they came.

Billy Dee ran his tongue through the thicket of dark hair at Mike's crotch, licking his way from the base of the cock to the cock-knob. A droplet of pre-cum sparkled at the piss-slit, and he lapped it up anxiously, savoring the flavor of the clear fluid as if it were honey.

As Mike felt Billy Dee's hot mouth enveloping his cock again, he curled his fingers into the kneeling young cowboy's lush blond hair. Looking down, he turned on powerfully to the sight of his prick fucking into the handsome youth's mouth. He watched the way the boy's soft lips stretched around the thickness of his cock-shaft, and he felt a surge of excitement. There was something perversely thrilling about cramming his big hunk of cock-meat into the face of such a wholesome-looking boy as Billy Dee Jones.

Mike ran his fingertips lightly down each side of Billy Dee's face, caressing the angelic young face into which his hard prick was thrust. He ran his fingertips sensuously around Billy Dee's ovaled lips, feeling those soft wet lips sliding up and down on his prick.

Billy Dee quit moving his head as Mike took up a slow and rhythmic motion with his pelvis, fucking him in the mouth. He liked the way Mike was touching his face and lips with softly gliding fingertips. While Mike's cock fucked his mouth, Billy Dee explored his buddy's muscular body with frantic sweeps of his hands. Reaching upward while he continued to suck the cock that was plunging into his mouth, he found Mike's stiff nipples.

When the kneeling youth squeezed his nipples, Mike felt an unexpected surge of intense pleasure. He responded by increasing the tempo of his fucking motions, simultaneously swaying his hips and churning his cock within Billy Dee's sucking mouth.

Billy Dee, noticing the favorable response, pinched Mike's tits hard, eliciting ecstatic groans and shuddering fuck-thrusts from the naked young stud.

Mike's reaction to pain interested Billy Dee. He knew that a guy who responded favorably to mild pain was likely to enjoy getting his ass fucked. And there was nothing Billy Dee liked more than fucking stud ass. He ran his hands down Mike's chest, gliding his fingertips around his narrow waist to the small of his back, then down into his ass-crack.

The crevice of the swarthy young stud's ass was almost hairless, and Billy Dee touched his asshole lightly with a probing fingertip. Mike gasped, grabbing the back of the boy's neck and fucking his face with dramatically increased vigor. He was very nearly impaling his ass on Billy Dee's finger with every backward lurch of his hips, seeming almost anxious for the teenager's finger to penetrate his asshole.

A sudden uproar on the TV caused Mike to stop lurching. The football game had taken a dramatic turn in a new direction, just as Billy Dee was hoping Mike would.

"Aw, shit!" Mike said in disgust, reaching over and turning off the TV. "Oakland won—and I just lost a hundred bucks."

Billy Dee released Mike's cock, watching the long shaft of his magnificent fucker spring up and slap against his belly. The boy sat back on his haunches for a moment, gazing up at Mike's beautiful body. Then he reached out and grasped his buddy's thighs, which felt like solid muscle against his hands.

"Best All-Around Cowboy," Billy Dee murmured, smiling up at Mike.

That coveted title could only be held by one man each year, and Mike Wolfe was the current holder of the title. It meant that, in the world of professional rodeo, he was a champion—a top performer in every event from calf roping to bull riding. Mike's star status excited Billy Dee almost as much as his incredible good looks. It was good to be there on his knees, sucking the cock of the best pro rodeo cowboy in America. Hank had once held the same ARA title, but that was long before he and Billy Dee had met. Mike Wolfe was top dog right now—this very minute—and that in itself was a tremendous turn-on for an ambitious rookie like Billy Dee Jones.

Mike was trying to jab his prick back into his young friend's mouth. But Billy Dee leaned to one side, kissing Mike's powerful thigh as he used his hands to turn him around. As he forced Mike to turn, the boy licked his way across the lower curvature of his buddy's beautiful ass.

Pro rodeo's Best Overall Rookie had made up his mind he was going to fuck the ass of the Best All-Around Cowboy.

Billy Dee, who had a penchant for the theatrical, would have preferred to fuck Mike right in the center of the rodeo arena, with a cheering crowd, spotlights and appropriate comments by the announcer. That was the fantasy he had often conjured while he dreamed of someday getting into Mike's pants. But this was real, and Billy Dee knew that a private, unheralded fuck in Mike's camper would likely provide more than enough excitement...

The horny youth forced his tongue against Mike Wolfe's tight asshole.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Fucking his tongue into Mike Wolfe's asshole, Billy Dee moaned with ecstasy. He held the tall dark stud's bare hips with trembling hands, pressing his nose into his hairless ass-crevice as he forced his tongue up into the hot, tight interior of the rodeo star's asshole.

"Aw, come on, Billy Dee!" Mike blurted in disgust as he lurched forward, leaving the boy's tongue lapping at air. "That's enough to gag a maggot—lickin' a guy's shitter like that. Jesus!" He turned toward the kneeling youngster, wagging his prick in his face again. "Let's just stick to the blow-job. Okay?"

"What the fuck's wrong with me lickin' your ass?" Billy Dee demanded. "That ain't no nastier than suckin' your cock, to my way of thinkin'."

"Suck, damnit!" Mike commanded, jabbing his cock-head against the young cowboy's lips.

"No!" Billy Dee said, sitting back on the heels of his boots and looking up at his naked buddy. "Not till you let me lick your butt."

"I'm straight, goddamn it," Mike snarled defensively, rudely whipping Billy Dee across the face with his hard prick to emphasize his dominant role. "I don't want any guy foolin' around with my ass. Besides—eatin' ass is sick."

Billy Dee stood up, glaring at Mike. He didn't like the way Mike was pushing him around and judging him so harshly.

"Hell, Mike! You're always braggin' about eatin' pussy. Well, I'm into eatin' ass. What the fuck's the difference? Huh?"

Mike laughed, punching Billy Dee playfully on the shoulder. "Boy, if you can't tell the difference between a pussy and an asshole, you're in trouble."

"You know what I mean, man," Billy Dee said, unamused. He reached out and grasped Mike's cock, using his thumb to smear a discharge of pre-



cum over the big spongy prick-knob. “Lemme eat your ass a little, then I’ll let you cum in my mouth. Please?”

“I was pretty much figurin’ to shoot my wad down your throat, anyway,” Mike said, standing still and enjoying the excruciatingly erotic sensations resulting from the boy’s manipulation of his cock. “Don’t you want my jizz in your mouth?”

“You conceited bastard,” Billy Dee grinned, shaking his head. “What makes you think I won’t just put my hat on and walk?” But, even while he said that, he kept jacking Mike’s prick.

“I thought I was your dream-man,” Mike said, his dark eyes twinkling with mischief. Billy Dee flinched and stopped stroking Mike’s cock.

“Who the fuck told you that? You been talkin’ to Hank? You better not have.”

“Nobody told me anything,” Mike said, putting a brawny arm around the youth’s shoulders. “But I have ways of knowing things.”

“If that’s true,” Billy Dee said, “you must know you ain’t gonna get your rocks off till after I eat your gorgeous ass.” He ran his arm around Mike’s waist and grasped a naked bun anxiously. “C’mon, man—it ain’t gonna kill ya.”

They stood silently for a moment, arms about one another. Mike felt obscenely naked, since Billy Dee was still fully clothed. But he was glad the boy hadn’t undressed, because he was afraid of what he might do if he were confronted again with the sight of Billy Dee’s cute young body. Mike still couldn’t quite believe he had jerked off and shot his cum-load while he watched Billy Dee fucking Hank the night before—and he realized it was the boy’s naked body that had excited him into such rash behavior.

“Aw, all right,” Mike finally said, dropping his arm downward and slapping Billy Dee playfully on the ass. “But you gotta keep your clothes on. This is strictly a one-way deal here.”

Billy Dee’s lips curled into a happy smile. He knew that, if he could work on that handsome stud’s ass for a few minutes with his skilled tongue, he could soon have him ready to accept a cock up his ass with very little trouble. And he suspected that, even though Mike didn’t know it himself,

the guy was badly in need of a good ass-fucking. After all, how would a guy with a virgin ass know he needed fucking until it happened?

Mike lay down on his stomach on the bed at the rear of the camper. Despite his qualms about presenting his naked and vulnerable ass to a boy he had only recently seen plundering another cowboy's butt ruthlessly, Mike tried to be cooperative by allowing Billy Dee to position him. The anxious youth maneuvered Mike into a position at the edge of the mattress, so that he was lying face down with his legs bent downward against the side of the bed. Billy Dee grasped Mike's powerful legs, spreading them apart as he knelt to worship at the young stud's upthrust ass.

"You're one sweet-assed cowboy," Billy Dee murmured as he feasted his eyes on Mike Wolfe's beautiful, manly ass.

Mike's cock and balls, dangling down against the edge of the mattress, looked huge to the horny young cowboy. He curled his fingers around the rigid, downthrust shaft of Mike's prick. In his sprawled position, the swarthy stud's puckered asshole was exposed. The crevice of his ass was nearly hairless, and pinkish asshole glistened with spit deposited there by Billy Dee's probing tongue before their argument.

Billy Dee slowly pumped Mike's prick, his fist contacting the dangling hairy balls on every upward stroke. He stared in awe at the athletic young stud's naked body, tantalizing himself with the sight before he went into ass-licking action. Mike had the sexiest-looking behind Billy Dee had ever seen. The satin-smooth flesh of his studly ass was flawless, and a pair of dimples in his lower back, just above each bun, seemed to accentuate the shapeliness of his ass.

"You gonna lick my butt—or just sit there and look at it?" Mike asked impatiently. He was feeling little silly in his bent-over position, with Billy Dee kneeling between his legs and staring at his exposed asshole.

Bending forward, Billy Dee began the ass-lapping by pressing his open mouth against a firm bun, swirling his tongue sensuously against the flesh enclosed by the oval of his soft lips. He felt Mike's cock jerk in his hand in response to the erotic sensations. He licked across the crevice of Mike's ass quickly and repeated the sucking and tonguing action on his other ass-cheek, causing him to squirm. As Mike writhed, he seemed to be

intentionally trying to maneuver the crack of his ass beneath Billy Dee's busy tongue.

Taking the hint, Billy Dee licked up and down the length of Mike's ass-crack, dragging his tongue through the crevice in long fast swipes. Mike's ass smelled of leather, and that aromatic essence of cowboy turned Billy Dee on even more.

Continuing to jack Mike's big downthrust prick, Billy Dee halted his sweeping tongue at the wrinkled pinkish pucker of the stud's asshole. He swirled the hot tip of his tongue around the virgin asshole, noticing as he did so that Mike was almost imperceptibly elevating his butt, as if to increase the vulnerability of his ass.

Smiling with satisfaction, Billy Dee sank the tip of his tongue into Mike's asshole, forcing the tight sphincter open as he fucked more of his tongue in. The boy's prick strained within his tight jeans as he tongue-fucked Mike Wolfe. He knew it wouldn't be long before his cock would be sinking into the virgin asshole his tongue was presently exploring.

Mike rested his forehead on his folded arms, humping his naked ass up against Billy Dee's face. He intuitively knew what the horny youngster was working up to, and he didn't intend to tolerate any cock being shoved up his ass. But he was thoroughly enjoying the fantastic tongue-fucking Billy Dee was giving him, and he decided to deal with the inevitable when he came to it. All that mattered was that the kid's tongue felt fantastic up his ass right now. It felt so good that Mike was panting and backing his ass up to Billy Dee's face like a bitch in heat.

Billy Dee fucked his tongue deeper into the buttery interior of Mike's asshole, burrowing his nose into the stud's ass-crack and snorting like a sow rooting in a pigsty.

"Oh, God!" Mike finally blurted, imagining that he was only now letting Billy Dee know he liked having his ass eaten. "That is good, Billy Dee."

"Not too sick for you, after all, huh?" the boy said, raising up and taking a deep breath.

"Do it some more," Mike said quietly, voluntarily spreading his muscular thighs wider apart.

Realizing he was home free now, Billy Dee released his grip on Mike's prick. He used both hands to spread the hunky stud's ass-cheeks, opening the valley between his buns. Then he lowered his head again and plunged his tongue into Mike's spit-lathered asshole. He kneaded the firm, rounded buns while he fucked his tongue rapidly in and out of the relaxing asshole, driving deeper with each thrust. While he wallowed his tongue against the interior membranes of Mike's ass, Billy Dee kept his eyes open, viewing the young stud's muscular back framed by the mounds of his ass.

Mike tried to conceal the ecstatic thrills that were surging through his body as a result of the ass-licking. He didn't want Billy Dee to know how utterly fantastic it felt to him. But the overwhelming hominess induced by the boy's expert tongue-fucking of his ass was more than Mike could cope with. He began to thrust his naked ass back against Billy Dee's face with increasing vigor.

Driven to new heights of lust by his buddy's enthusiastic responses, Billy Dee sucked at Mike's ass while fucking his tongue deeply into the hot depths of his asshole. All the while, he was kneading and squeezing Mike's ass-cheeks, using his thumbs to spread his ass-crevice.

No longer able to restrain his reactions to Billy Dee's tongue-fucking, Mike began to moan ecstatically and pound his face against the mattress. Against his will, he raised first one leg, then the other—settling into a kneeling position on the edge of the bed and presenting his ass to a young cowboy he knew would soon try to fuck him. He couldn't keep from it, although he was still kidding himself that, when the time came, he would be able to say no—and mean it.

Swaying his back downward, Mike panted and gasped while Billy Dee slurped at his obscenely vulnerable ass.

“Oh, God!” Mike breathed, swaying his butt shamelessly against the boy's face. “Oh, shit... so fuckin' good!”

Billy Dee drew back, smiling confidently as he looked at his hero's exposed, spit-slimed asshole. Mike had—knowingly or not—positioned himself for dog-style fucking. He was definitely ready. And Billy Dee was more than ready to fuck him like a dog.

Rising to his feet, Billy Dee quickly unbuttoned his Levi's and dug out his hard prick, tugging his balls out of the open fly along with his prick. The cock-knob was wet with drooling pre-cum. He held onto Mike's hip with one hand, jacking his own cock up to maximum hardness with the other.

"No, Billy Dee," Mike murmured unconvincingly as he looked upside down between his legs and saw that the boy had his prick out. "Don't do that, man. Just eat my ass."

Detecting the insincerity in Mike's voice and observing that he made no effort to move away, Billy Dee stepped forward, wedging the drooling head of his prick into his ass-crevice. He grasped Mike's hips with both hands, nudging the thick knob of his prick against the stud's asshole.

"Oh, Lord!" Mike whimpered. "I don't want to do this... I don't!"

He was trying to convince himself, rather than Billy Dee. Mike wanted the young cowboy's prick up his ass, but at the same time he feared submitting to such a thing would do irreparable damage to his self-esteem. It would be unmanly to kneel there and let the boy fuck him without even putting up a fight, and yet he wanted to be fucked so badly he couldn't force himself to move a muscle to stop Billy Dee. Beads of perspiration broke out on Mike's forehead as a storm of tumultuous and conflicting emotions swept over him.

"I can't stop you, Billy Dee," he whispered hoarsely. "But if you go through with this, I'm liable to kill you afterward. Can you understand that?"

"I'll just take that chance," Billy Dee grinned, rubbing the slippery tip of his prick against Mike's asshole for additional lubrication. "It might be worth it, anyhow 'cause this is one fuck I ain't ever gonna be able to top."

"Hey, man," Mike said quickly, "I'm serious... I'm being right up-front with you. You've got me hot enough to do anything, but I'm telling you, I'm liable to stomp your ass later."

"I'll worry about that when it happens," Billy Dee said nonchalantly. "Anyhow, if I can't whip you, I bet I can outrun you."

Then, grasping Mike's naked hips firmly, Billy Dee pushed forward, applying pressure with the blunt head of his cock against the kneeling stud's

resisting asshole. Abruptly, Mike's sphincter spread around the intruding cock-knob, seeming to suck in the head of the youth's prick.

"Goddamned son of a bitch!" Mike blurted, clawing at the bedspread and sucking in a deep breath as the plum-sized head of Billy Dee's cock slipped painfully within his ass-ring. But, still, he made no effort to halt the impalement.

"Just relax," Billy Dee whispered, stroking Mike's broad back as if soothing a skittish horse. "Easy, now... easy does it."

Pressing his forehead against the mattress again, Mike looked between his legs at what was happening. He could see the huge cock-lance spanning the distance between his legs and touched the boy's prick, feeling with his fingertips where the cock-shaft disappeared into his wet asshole.

Realizing that only the cock-knob was fucked into his ass, and that there remained a good eight or nine inches of cock-meat to follow, Mike became tense again.

"You're hung like a fuckin' horse, Billy Dee," he said, still exploring with nervous fingers. He touched the youth's furry balls, realizing they were laden with cum that would soon be unloaded within his ass-guts. "You've got balls on you like a bull, too."

"Ain't you ever heard about us well-hung Texans?" the young wrangler laughed, realizing Mike was about ready to go with the fucking without any more protests.

Then Mike surprised Billy Dee by backing up slightly, fucking more of the cock-shaft into his ass by his own actions. As he backed slowly onto the thick prick, he kept his hand there, feeling the cock fuck into his ass with trembling fingertips.

Billy Dee pressed forward gently, meeting the pressure Mike was applying with equal and opposite force, causing his long cock to gradually vanish into the studly cowboy's upthrust butt. His balls came to rest against Mike's ass-cheeks, and he felt the buttery warmth of Mike's ass-guts surrounding his embedded prick.

Mike felt the boy's pubic hair tickling the sensitive flesh on either side of his ass-crack, and he held onto the pendulous balls that were draped

against his ass.

“The whole goddamned thing’s in me,” Mike whispered, amazed that there wasn’t more pain. “It doesn’t hurt as much as I thought it would.”

“Fuckin’ ain’t supposed to hurt,” Billy Dee said, running his hands hotly over Mike’s buns. “It’s supposed to feel good.”

“It hurts,” Mike said. “But it hurts good.”

“That’s ’cause you ain’t used to gettin’ fucked.”

Billy Dee slowly withdrew his cock-lance from his buddy’s ass, stopping just short of popping the cock-knob out. Then he fucked forward again, sinking his prick to the balls once more in Mike’s warm ass-guts.

“Do it, man! Fuck me!”

Billy Dee smiled triumphantly and began to fuck Mike’s cute ass in long, steady fuck-strokes. Within a few moments, he was fucking the studly cowboy roughly, the way he often fucked Hank.

Mike felt Billy Dee’s jeans contact his naked ass every time the cock plunged into his asshole. It felt to him as if the boy’s long fucker would push out the front of his belly with every fuck-plunge, but he steadied himself and let Billy Dee fuck him savagely.

“Oh, no... no... no!” Mike whined, even while he added to the violence of the ass-fucking with swaying motions of his hips. He didn’t really mean he didn’t want to be fucked—he meant he couldn’t believe it felt so goddamned good to be getting his stud ass plundered by another cowboy. “No... shit, no!”

“Yeah!” Billy Dee responded, increasing the tempo of his fucking. “Shit, yeah!”

“Fuck my ass, you beautiful stud!” Mike cried out. Then he banged his head down against the mattress. “God! I can’t believe I said that.”

It thrilled Billy Dee to be called a beautiful stud by a guy he considered the personification of masculine beauty.

“I’m glad you did,” Billy Dee whispered, leaning forward and kissing the back of Mike’s neck while he kept up his steady fucking. “You like my

big Texas cock up your ass?”

“Yes!” Mike said loudly, wallowing his butt against the boy’s groin and causing the cock to whip at varying angles within his ass-guts. “I do.”

“You do what?” Billy Dee persisted, wanting to experience the turn-on of hearing Mike utter the words. “Tell me.”

Mike looked back over his shoulder, looking Billy Dee bravely in the eye. “I like your big Texas cock fuckin’ my ass.” He grinned devilishly. “Surprised?”

“Nope,” Billy Dee said.

“Well, I sure as hell am.”

“So you ain’t gonna kill me for fuckin’ you?”

“I’ll kill you if you stop fuckin’ me before you cum.”

Billy Dee smiled and began to fuck roughly again, smashing his balls between his jeans and Mike’s ass with every fuck-thrust. He leaned forward again, holding onto the black-haired stud’s broad shoulders while he fucked his adorable ass...

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Outside, Hank Logan was standing on the parking lot, hands on his hips, watching Mike Wolfe’s big camper sway and creak. The curtains were all drawn, but it was obvious one hell of a fuck was going on inside. Hank felt certain Mike was plundering Billy Dee’s ass in the rocking camper, although the boy had claimed he was going out to the back lot to look at the bronc he had drawn for that evening’s rodeo.

Hank tilted his hat down in front to block out the afternoon sun and stomped over to the side door of the camper. He tried the door, found it unlocked, and opened it quietly. Leaning in and peering around a cabinet, he was startled to see Billy Dee standing beside the bed, dog-fucking a naked Mike Wolfe. They were both facing away from him and didn’t see him.

When he realized Billy Dee was getting his favorite kind of action from Mike Wolfe, Hank’s heart sank. He had expected that his young lover might



give Mike a blow-job, or even let Mike fuck him... but he had not expected Mike to delight Billy Dee by backing up on his cock that way.

Nothing could have been worse, as far as Hank was concerned. The gnawing fear of losing Billy Dee was once again aroused, then the fear rapidly dissolved into raging anger.

Mike Wolfe had everything. Why did he have to take the one thing Hank prized above all else? Why in the name of God did the gorgeous son of a bitch have to turn out gay?

Quietly, Hank stepped up into the camper and sneaked up behind Billy Dee. The boy was fucking the cock-meat to Mike with joyous abandon, kissing his neck and shoulders passionately while he fucked his ass. Hank lifted one foot, ready to boot Billy Dee in the butt.

"You're the most beautiful guy I ever knew in my life," Billy Dee said, nibbling at Mike's earlobe. "Goddamn, I still can't believe I'm fuckin' your stud ass!"

Hank lowered his foot back to the floor, interested in hearing Mike's response.

"I think I always wanted to be with you like this, Billy Dee," Mike said dreamily as he churned his ass on the youth's prick. "Only I didn't know it till last night."

"Last night?"

"I watched you fuckin' Hank last night. That was me you saw at the window."

"You mean to tell me that was your cum I wiped off the side of the motorhome last night? I thought it was Buck McGill."

"It was me," Mike admitted, burying his face against the spread while Billy Dee fucked him, but at a slower pace now.

"Why, hell!" the boy said, shaking his head and slapping Mike on the ass. "If I'd of known that was your cum, I'd've got down on my hands 'n knees and licked it up!" He wrapped his strong arms around Mike's chest, holding him tightly and stopping, with his cock fucked in to the balls. "Man, I worship the fuckin' ground you walk on. You know that?"

“I think I could get that way about you real easy, Billy Dee.” Mike reached back and patted the youth’s jean-clad thigh.

“That’s a mighty touchin’ little scene there,” Hank said loudly.

Before either of them could react, Hank booted Billy Dee in the ass with all his strength, sending both of them sprawling into the bed and banging the boy’s head against the wall.

“Owww!” Billy Dee yelled, grabbing the top of his head. Then he looked at Hank in shock. “Hey, man—it ain’t what it looks like.”

“Not what it looks like!” Hank shouted, tipping his hat back like he always did when he was mad. “Boy, you must be lookin’ at somethin’ besides what I’m lookin’ at!” His fists were clenched and the veins on his neck stood out. To keep from hitting Billy Dee in his fit of anger, Hank punched a cabinet door, cracking the wood and hurting his fist. “You lousy fuckers.”

Mike yanked the corner of the bedspread up to cover his naked loins, and he was looking anxiously from Hank to Billy Dee, then back again.

“You don’t own me,” Billy Dee said sullenly, trying without much success to hurriedly pack his balls and cock back into his tight jeans.

“I know that,” Hank said despondently, turning away from the sight of his lover in bed with another man. He hung his head, crossed his arms against his chest and refused to look at them. “But why in tarnation did you guys have to be so goddamned obvious about it? Shit. You think I’m made of stone?”

“I’m sorry, Hank,” Mike said, so embarrassed his handsome face was flushed. “It’s more my fault than his.”

Hank shot a withering glance at Mike. “You got a little outa line, man. But you don’t owe me nothin’.” He nodded toward Billy Dee. “He does, though. He at least owes me a little respect.”

“You know I love you, Hank,” the boy said seriously as he got up and finally got his jeans buttoned. “What do you want, anyhow? Blood?”

Hank didn’t seem to hear Billy Dee. He was eying Mike Wolfe critically now. Abruptly reaching down, Hank jerked the bedspread away, revealing

Mike's naked body.

"Goddamned if you aren't a big-cocked beauty," Hank said with a wry smile. He shook his head in despair at the sight of Mike's masculine perfection.

And, for one fleeting instant, Mike caught a glimpse of the utter despair and humiliation Hank was feeling. He saw it in his eyes. Mike respected Hank Logan as a peer, since the man had once been where he was now, at the zenith of stardom in pro rodeo. Mike knew Hank was teetering at the verge of giving up rodeoing and it perturbed him to think that he might be the catalyst that would finally end the career of one of the all-time great cowboys on the circuit. Mike was caught up in a tumultuous onslaught of conflicting feelings.

"You're too fuckin' pretty for me to compete with," Hank said, dropping the spread back across Mike's lap. Then he started for the doorway.

"Hank!" Mike called urgently, knowing what he had to do to preserve his own self-respect.

Hank stopped, looking back over his shoulder. "Yeah?"

"The only place I want to compete with you is in the rodeo arena." Mike glanced at Billy Dee wistfully, then back to Hank. "He's very persuasive, though. You better keep him on a short leash."

"Mike!" Billy Dee stomped his foot. "Are you throwin' me out?"

"No," Mike smiled indulgently. "You're more than welcome here, Billy Dee. But don't expect any repeat performances." He tried to look hard at the boy, forcing himself to appear unfeeling. "I tried you out. You were fun. And that's all. Sure as hell beat jackin' off." He ran his fingers through his curly black hair, trying to appear bored. "I think I'll stick with gals."

Billy Dee looked incredulously at Mike. "But you said—"

"What a man says in the heat of passion doesn't count," Mike said, lowering his eyes to avoid seeing the boy's shocked and disappointed expression. "Naw, I'm not ready for this shit. And I'm sure as hell not ready for any serious commitments with a guy. No way, man."

“Hell, I didn’t wanna marry you!” Billy Dee said, flabbergasted by Mike’s attitude. “I just wanted to fuck you. Jesus!” The youth stepped over by Hank’s side. “Hank’s my main man... I wouldn’t run off ’n leave him!”

“Good,” Mike said, looking up at Billy Dee and concealing the powerful emotions he felt. “I’d sure hate to think I had to be responsible for a hellion like you. You’re a pain in the ass—in more ways than one.”

“Why, you crazy bastard!” Billy Dee blurted irritably. He stood there a few seconds, looking at Mike in disbelief, crushed by such cavalier treatment at the hands of his hero. “You got a bad case of split personality. You know that?”

Hank was leaning against the wall, anxiously watching Billy Dee’s face.

“Hey!” Mike snapped, as if it were possible to get Billy Dee’s attention to any greater extent. “Didn’t I tell you I was straight, man?” he wagged an accusing finger at the bewildered boy. “I don’t want to see you grinning and winking at me out there in that arena any more. You got that?”

“Me?” Billy Dee gasped with widened eyes. “Hell, you done it first. You’re crazy as a goddamned loon!”

“Aw, go on,” Mike said, dismissing the youth with a sweep of his hand. “Get outa here—before I get mad. And don’t expect any more thrills with me.”

“Yeah? Well, fuck you too, buddy!”

Billy Dee shot Mike the finger and bounded out the door, unable to bear any further humiliation in front of Hank.

## CHAPTER FIVE

The moment Billy Dee was gone, Mike's shoulders slumped and he lowered his eyes, exhaling slowly. He had barely been able to drive the bewildered youth away without revealing the emotional stress he felt. Now the tears welled up, matting his dark lashes and streaking wetly down the sides of his nose. His brawny chest jerked convulsively.

"God, Mike," Hank said, sitting down on the edge of the bed uneasily. "I didn't know you were that hung-up on the kid."

"Shit, neither did I," Mike said, sucking in a deep breath to regain control of himself. He wiped his face with the corner of the bedspread, hating it because Hank was seeing him this way. "Hell, I don't know what the fuck happened. Billy Dee was a good buddy and all that, but this... whatever it is I'm feeling... I didn't know it was there till today." He shook his head. "Man, I flat went off the deep end in record time."

Hank cocked his head to one side. "You love the little fart too, don't you?"

"I'll be damned if I know what it is," Mike admitted. "That word love makes me a little jittery. But I'll tell you one goddamned thing—nobody else could've fucked me in the ass and lived to tell about it." He looked up, biting his lower lip briefly. "I guess I must've had the hots for Billy Dee for a long time and just didn't know it."

"You ran him off on account of me, didn't you?" Hank said, seeing the poignant look in Mike's eyes.

"I won't ever touch Billy Dee again. You can count on that." Tears moistened Mike's hazel eyes again and he rested his elbows on his knees, covering his face with his hands. "I've got a lot of things to sort out in my head, man."

Hank was embarrassed by the sight of the circuit's Best All-Around Cowboy sitting there naked beneath a bedspread, crying like a child. He got up, feeling he should leave.

“I don’t know what to say—except, thanks,” Hank said, extending a hand in friendship.

“No big deal,” Mike said, shaking Hank’s hand in an overly formal manner and forcing a weak smile.

“You take care now. You hear?” Hank said nervously, noticing Mike’s lower lip trembling. He started to turn and head for the door, then he hesitated. “You sure you’re all right, Mike?”

“Hell, yeah, I’m all right,” Mike said cynically. “I just turned queer, alienated my best friend, and my butt’s sore... other than that, everything’s just hunky-dory.” He pulled the spread up over his head, ashamed of the tears that wouldn’t stop. “I just want to be alone, man.”

“You better pull yourself together,” Hank suggested. “You’ve got a rodeo to work tonight.”

“No sweat,” Mike mumbled from beneath the spread. “I’ll be okay.”

Hank left quietly, leaving Mike sitting ghost-like beneath the bedspread.

When Mike heard the camper door close, he threw the spread aside and sprang from the bed. Opening the small refrigerator, he grabbed a can of Lone Star and popped it open, standing naked in front of the open refrigerator while he guzzled the beer. Then he crumpled the can in his hand, tossed it on the floor and grabbed another. He was wishing he had something stronger in the camper—something to numb his brain quickly.

After he had polished off a six-pack, Mike stood before the narrow mirror on the closet door, looking at the reflection of his naked body. He was beautiful, and he knew it. He had always been in love with his own body. But now he saw himself differently. For the first time, Mike consciously dealt with the male body as an object of erotic interest.

Watching himself in the mirror, Mike grasped his firmly curved buns with both hands, enjoying the feel of his manly ass-flesh. He ran the fingertips of one hand sensuously up and down the crevice of his ass, stopping momentarily at his gaping, recently fucked asshole. He jammed a finger up his ass, feeling the moist hotness within his body. It felt good. He crammed another finger in and began to finger-fuck his ass with two fingers.

His fingers weren't as thrilling as Billy Dee's big prick had been. But the friction of his fingers fucking up his ass soon excited the drunken cowboy into raising a hard-on. His cock began to lift slowly, pulsing visibly as it swelled and stiffened. He grasped his growing prick and began to jack off shamelessly before the mirror while he finger-fucked his ass. His cock became rigid under his pumping fist.

Mike hadn't had the chance to cum with Billy Dee, since Hank had burst in on them before they finished fucking. The aborted fuck had left Mike hot, despite the aftermath of emotional turmoil resulting from his first homosexual experience. An afternoon of drinking in the warm, stuffy camper had lowered his inhibitions, and now he reveled in the visual beauty and the wonderful masculine feel of his own body.

Turning his back to the mirror, Mike bent forward and twisted his neck so he could see three of his fingers fucking into his abused asshole. It felt fantastic, and he found himself wishing he could cram his whole fist up his ass...

A sudden pecking at the camper door startled Mike. He yanked his fingers from his ass and stood up straight, paralyzed with the shock of reality for a moment. There was more knocking.

"Yeah?" Mike said, holding onto his hard prick as he moved over to the door and parted the curtains enough to see out.

"You got a pair of chaps I could borrow for tonight's show?"

It was Paco Sanchez, the young Mexican wrangler Mike had seen hanging around with the rodeo's gay clique. He was a newcomer on the circuit, and he and Mike had only met casually a few times.

"What happened to your chaps?" Mike asked through the slitted curtains.

"Fuckin' bull ripped 'em bad," Paco said, trying to see in through the narrow opening. "Didn't you see that close shave I had this afternoon?"

"Nope. I must've been in the chutes when you went out."

Mike Wolfe was in a sexual frenzy such as he had never known before, and he kept jacking his hard cock slowly while he peered out at Paco Sanchez.

The Mexican cowboy was only nineteen, and he was nearly too pretty to be a boy. His delicate facial features were almost feminine, but the gentle softness of his handsome face was complemented by a strong masculine jaw and heavy brows. His thick black hair swept down over his forehead, often partially covering one eye.

“You got some extra chaps or not?” Paco asked uneasily, wondering why Mike didn’t open the door. “Hey man, I’m not interrupting anything, am I?”

“Of course not,” Mike whispered through the screen. “You’re just in time.” Mike didn’t know much about what gay guys might consider an appropriate seduction technique but he knew what he wanted.

Paco looked puzzled. “In time for what?”

“To fuck me,” Mike breathed heavily.

Pushing the camper door open, Mike brazenly stood in the doorway stark naked with his hard-on in his hand.

The young Mexican’s eyes opened widely and his jaw went slack for a moment. He glanced around self-consciously, to be sure nobody else was looking. Paco couldn’t believe Mike Wolfe—the superstud of the rodeo circuit—was standing there naked, waving his hard prick in his face. Paco’s dark-brown eyes focused on Mike’s cock-tip, and when he saw a glistening drop of pre-cum there, he knew Mike wasn’t just teasing him.

Without a word, Paco stepped into the camper and closed the door, quickly dropping to his knees and taking Mike’s cock into his mouth. He grasped the curly-haired stud’s naked hips and slid his warm soft lips onto the rigid cock-lance, twisting his head from side to side and forcing the prick-knob into his throat as his lips approached the base of the cock.

“Oh yeah, man!” Mike said hoarsely as he curled his fingers into Paco’s lush hair. “Yeahhh!”

Paco moaned in pleasure as he began to fuck his face on Mike’s big prick, driving the spongy cock-head into his tight throat with each forward plunge. Every time the cock-knob fucked into his throat, his lips ovaled widely around the thick base of the cock and his nose pressed into Mike’s



dense black pubic hair. He could feel Mike's hairy balls against his chin as his throat muscles convulsed around the huge prick-knob.

Closing his eyes and imagining it was Billy Dee's face he was fucking, Mike held the back of Paco's head, forcing the youth to keep the cock down his throat. He ground his pelvis, rubbing Paco's nose hard into his hairy groin and wallowing his prick in his tight throat.

Paco, who had been sucking cock ever since he could remember, took the violent face-fucking without protest. He ran his hands around Mike's hips, grasping his manly buns and squeezing hard on the firm mounds of ass-flesh. The youth didn't have any idea what had brought this on, but he wasn't about to let such an opportunity pass. It was his nature to go with whatever was happening and analyze it later.

While Mike fucked his mouth, Paco caressed the naked stud's ass-cheeks, running his fingertips into the crevice of his ass. Paco immediately recognized the telltale signs of a recently fucked asshole—the distended sphincter, the hot moist opening and the parted interior walls of the ass. His prick pulsed and strained within his tight jeans as he realized Mike Wolfe hadn't been merely bandying words about when he had said he wanted to be fucked.

Mike gasped when he felt Paco's fingers probing into his hot ass. Involuntarily, he lurched backward, driving the youth's fingers deeply into his ass-guts. The fucking Billy Dee had given Mike had made him wild, and he couldn't control his urge to stuff his ass with anything available.

Pleased with Mike's reaction, Paco released his cock and turned him around quickly, fucking his tongue into the mushy opening of his asshole.

"Awww, God!" Mike blurted, bending forward and using his hands to spread his ass-cheeks for Paco. "Do it, man! Eat that ass!"

Paco, who loved nothing better than fucking stud ass, sank his tongue deeper into Mike's squishy asshole. While he fucked his tongue in and out rapidly, he undulated his lips sensuously against Mike's ass, sucking and tongue-fucking his asshole with lusty fervor. He nibbled gently at the sensitive ass-ring with his teeth, causing Mike to shudder and moan in ecstasy.

Withdrawing his tongue from Mike's asshole, Paco began to lick rapidly up and down the studly cowboy's hairless ass-crack. Each time he came to the gaping asshole, he fucked his tongue-tip in briefly before lapping up and down again.

Mike bent lower, supporting himself by placing his hands against a seat. Breathing hard, he squirmed his naked ass against the young Mexican's face. He was so excited he felt as if he might cum any moment, even though Paco wasn't touching his cock.

Licking his way out of Mike's ass-crevice, Paco gently kissed a firmly curved bun while he reached around to grasp the stud's rock hard prick.

"Want me to fuck you?" Paco murmured against Mike's ass as he curled his fingers around his cock-lance. "Want some cock up this sweet ass?"

Abruptly, Mike stood up and spun around. He grabbed Paco by the shoulders and lifted him to a standing position. For an instant, Paco thought the wild-eyed cowboy was going to hit him. Instead, Mike hurriedly unsnapped Paco's western shirt, almost tearing it from his body.

"I want you naked too," Mike breathed as he clumsily unfastened Paco's huge belt buckle. "I want you naked when you fuck me... I want to feel your hard body against mine!"

Mike heard himself saying the words, yet he could hardly believe they came from his mouth. His hands tore frantically at Paco's jeans as if possessed by something beyond his control. The young Mexican wore no underwear, and his rigid prick sprang into view as Mike pushed his jeans down to his knees. Frantically, Mike grabbed Paco's cock and held it tightly in his fist while he ran his other hand feverishly over the youth's smooth brown chest.

"Take it easy, man!" Paco said nervously. "I'm not going anywhere."

"I'm sorry," Mike murmured, realizing his hysterical anxiety was alarming the boy. "I'm not used to this."

Paco reached out and grasped Mike's hotly pulsing prick, then they stood there looking at one another, holding onto each other's cock. Paco moved closer, clasping one hand behind Mike's neck. Their lips met for a second, before Mike turned his head to one side, avoiding Paco's mouth.

Paco kissed Mike softly on the cheek, rubbing the tip of his nose in Mike's wiry sideburns.

Slowly, Mike turned his head back until his lips touched Paco's mouth. He had never kissed a man before, but Paco's face was so pretty it was almost like kissing a woman, and that made this first time easier. Mike could smell the pungent aroma of his own ass on Paco's mouth, and that disturbed him more than the fact that he was kissing a guy. But the passion of the moment overwhelmed him and he opened his mouth, allowing the Mexican's tongue to slither between his lips while they stroked each other's cock.

Mike was surprised at how quickly his first man-to-man kiss ceased to be disturbing and became erotically exciting for him. The dreaded kiss thrilled him now, sending chills down his back and raising goose bumps on his flesh. He thrust his tongue into Paco's mouth, exploring the Mexican's teeth and gums with his tongue-tip while their hips ground together.

Impulsively, Mike broke the kiss and ran his tongue down the side of Paco's neck, licking down his smooth hairless chest to his navel. He felt Paco's fingers entangled in his curly hair as he dragged his tongue hesitantly from the navel to the forest of glossy black crotch hair. Licking into Paco's pubic thatch, Mike felt the boy's rigidly upthrust prick touching the side of his face.

Drawing back, Mike held the Mexican's uncut prick by the base, looking at the glossy purplish cock-head near his face for a few seconds. Paco's uncircumcised prick was a lot different from Billy Dee's cock, darker in color and more prominently veined. And Mike thought the collar of skin just behind the ridge of the prick-knob made Paco's uncut cock look somehow more obscene than Billy Dee's circumcised cock.

"Suck it!" Paco said excitedly, jabbing his prick against Mike's closed lips.

Mike recoiled, using the back of his hand to wipe a smear of sticky pre-cum from his lips. Suddenly, he was struck by the reality of what he was about to do. He was about to suck a guy's prick! He wanted to suck a cock, but he wasn't quite ready for it. Too much was happening, too much and too fast. Mike thought he might have done it if it had been Billy Dee's cock

being thrust in his face, but Paco's big brown uncut prick just looked too nasty to put in his mouth. He knew it was silly, but he just thought Billy Dee's pinkish, dewy fresh boy-cock looked less obscene and more suckable.

"Get your boots and jeans off and let's fuck," Mike said as he stood up, ashamed to look into Paco's eyes now.

"You really are new at this, aren't you?" Paco said with a grin as he yanked his boots off and peeled his jeans off over his feet.

"You wouldn't believe how new," Mike said dryly while he watched the sexy kid pose briefly for him.

Paco Sanchez looked more masculine without his clothes on. Although he was tall and slender, he had excellent muscular definition, and the youthful manliness of his naked body somehow made his pretty face seem less feminine. In stance and attitude, he was decidedly manly.

"Bend over," Paco said, approaching Mike with his stiff prick in his hand.

Mike hesitated, looking at the big cock that was destined to fill his needy asshole. Then he turned around and leaned forward, supporting himself against the seat again. He planted his feet widely apart, thrusting his naked ass back toward Paco. His big balls hung pendulously between his spread legs, and his hard cock was drooling pre-cum that dangled from the cock-tip in a thin filament.

"Man, you've got one beautiful ass on you," Paco said as he nudged the head of his prick into Mike's ass-crevice. "Smooth as a baby's butt."

"I wish I had a hairy ass, like most guys," Mike muttered, wiggling his hips to bring Paco's cock-head in contact with his asshole. "I don't like having an ass like a baby."

"Oh, no—you don't want a hairy ass," Paco said, teasing Mike's anxious fuck-hole with the tip of his prick. "Hairy butts are a dime a dozen. I like a man with big firm smooth buns like you've got... and dimples, too!"

"Dimples!" Mike laughed, looking back at Paco, who was grinning mischievously. "You son of a bitch."

While Mike was looking back at him, Paco grasped the stud's hips and lurched forward, fucking the head of his cock into his asshole. The sphincter gripped Paco's cock just behind the flared ridge of the prick-knob.

"More," Mike said without flinching, still looking back.

Paco thrust his hips, fucking the entire length of his hard cock-lance into Mike's ass.

"Uuunngh!" Mike groaned as the long prick fucked into his guts. He swung his head forward again, looking upside down between his leg at Paco's dark hairy balls swinging near his own. "Go ahead and fuck me, Paco. I can take it."

"Who's been fuckin' you?" Paco asked as he began to fuck slowly.

"Nobody," Mike said defensively, shocked that the boy could tell he had been fucked recently. He hadn't realized it was so easy to tell.

Smiling to himself, Paco began to fuck Mike's ass violently, slamming his pelvis hard against the bent-over stud's ass and jarring his body roughly with every fuck-thrust. The violence of the Mexican's fucking soon drove Mike's head into the cushions of the seat, and Mike was grunting loudly with every jarring thrust of the cock into his ass-guts.

Keeping his face against the cushion, Mike arched his back downward and braced his knees against the seat. He kept his ass elevated, presenting his vulnerable asshole to Paco's plundering prickshaft. The Mexican's wild fucking soon had Mike's ass slurping and gurgling lewdly as the glossy cock slithered in and out at a rapid tempo.

Mike submitted willingly to Paco's overzealous assault on his ass. Awesome waves of pain and pleasure surged through his body while the cowboy's cock surged into his buttery ass-guts. He whined at the pain and at the pleasure, not knowing if he could stand it another second and yet wanting the fucking to go on forever.

Abruptly, Mike felt his cock tingling and burning. Even though neither he nor Paco were touching his cock, he was about to cum. The friction of Paco's big prick against his prostate, combined with the incredible horniness induced by Billy Dee's unfinished fuck, sent Mike over the edge.

His balls drew up tightly to the base of his cock and, while he watched upside down, milky streamers of cum were ejected from his piss-slit.

“Awww, damn!” Mike rasped as he cupped his palm over the head of his cum-spitting prick to keep the jism from shooting right into his face. “I’m blowing my wad... I can’t stop!”

Paco reached around Mike’s waist and pushed his hand away, replacing it with his while he went on fucking furiously. He felt Mike’s hot cum gushing into the palm of his hand and, at the same time, he could feel the stud’s ass-guts clenching around his cock, spasming in rhythm with the spurts of jism against his hand.

Quickly, the young Mexican brought his cum-filled hand to his mouth, flicking out his tongue and lapping up Mike’s warm cum-load while he went on fucking his ass with butt-slapping thrusts of his hips. When he had licked his hand clean, he reached around and grasped Mike’s wrist, guiding Mike’s cummy hand up where he could lick it also.

Mike’s knees trembled in the aftermath of his stupendous climax, but he remained in position, knowing Paco must be ready to cum... and wanting the youth’s cum-load up his ass. He felt Paco sucking lewdly on each of his cum-slimed fingers, cleaning the jism from them. Paco’s cock continued to plunge into his raw burning asshole at varying angles, liquefying his ass-guts with churning fuck-lunges. The myriad sensations assailing Mike’s senses made the whole thing seem unreal to him.

Releasing Mike’s hand, Paco grabbed his waist and held on tightly, fucking his cock in to the balls. He stopped, pressing his hairy crotch hard against Mike’s smooth buns, his prick deeply embedded in Mike’s ass.

Mike felt Paco’s body shudder and grow tense. In the next instant, he felt his bowels being flooded with the Mexican’s hot spunk. The torrent of cum that belched from Paco’s cock filled Mike’s ass and began to gurgle out around the embedded prickshaft.

Peering upside down between his legs, Mike saw the excess cum running down his inner thighs and drooling in syrupy strands from Paco’s hairy balls. When Paco withdrew his prick, there was a loud slurping sound and another gush of fuck-juice streamed down Mike’s legs.

“Oh God... I can’t believe I did this,” Mike murmured as he sank to the floor and rested his head against the seat. He looked up at Paco, who was standing over him, his cock glistening.

“You didn’t like it?” Paco asked. He looked perplexed.

“I liked it,” Mike breathed with a bittersweet trace of a smile.

Mike felt abused and degraded, but he felt released and satisfied, too... he had enjoyed being fucked. And yet, Mike knew he would have enjoyed the fucking even more if it had been Billy Dee’s cock blasting his ass full of cum.

## CHAPTER SIX

Hank and Billy Dee got out of a cab in front of the Rusty Spur, and the blond youth waited while Hank paid the driver. The rodeo's final performance was over, and it was time for the traditional last night out on the town before they took to the road the next morning.

The Rusty Spur was a favorite watering hole of the rodeo contestants when they were in San Antonio because it was their kind of place, an old-fashioned western dance hall with real get-down country music and lots of local girls who knew how to dance to western swing.

Hank and Billy Dee weren't interested in wenching—as were most of the other cowboys—but they enjoyed the dancing and boozing, as well as the opportunity to socialize with their straight counterparts away from the competitive environment of the rodeo arena.

They got in the bar free, flashing their American Rodeo Association membership cards in lieu of paying the cover charge.

Inside, the Rusty Spur was a rowdy scene of rambunctious dancing, shouting, laughter and loud country music. All the tables were full, and mobs of cowboys and cowgirls were standing around the perimeter of the huge dance floor, swigging from bottles of Lone Star and Pearl beer. Superficially, they all looked like rodeo people. But the real wranglers were easily identified by their drifty, scuffed boots; all the urban cowboys' boots were polished to a high sheen.

The dance floor was jammed with couples bouncing, kicking and swirling to the rapid tempo of western swing music, and the air reeked of stale beer and smoke.

After they got a couple of beers, Billy Dee and Hank pushed through the mob until they found their buddies—a small clique of gay cowpunchers who followed the rodeo circuit. They were surprised to find Mike Wolfe in the group, hanging onto Paco Sanchez and obviously very drunk.

“Hey, pardners!” Hank shouted above the music. “What’s happenin’?”



“All of us fags are just hangin’ out together,” Mike slurred, using Paco’s shoulder for support. The brim of his hat kept knocking Paco’s hat askew.

“I think Mike started boozin’ before the show,” Buck McGill said between gulps from his bottle. “He’s plastered.”

Billy Dee hovered on the far side of Hank from Mike, trying to avoid standing near him.

“Plastered, my ass!” Mike sneered. “I scored just fine tonight in every goddamn event—including ass-fucking!”

Paco clamped his hand over Mike’s mouth and grinned slyly at Billy Dee, who was peering curiously over Hank’s shoulder.

“You better watch him,” Billy Dee said in disgust to Paco. “He flips back ’n forth between straight and gay like that fuckin’ beer sign.” He nodded toward a neon Lone Star sign that was flashing on and off.

“Hi there, sweet thing!” Mike shouted at Billy Dee, winking and tipping his black hat as if the young cowboy were a girl.

Billy Dee jumped back behind Hank, who was glaring ominously at Mike now.

“Hey, Hank,” Buck said, slapping Hank on the back and trying to divert attention from Mike. “What’d you think about my time on steer wrestlin’ tonight? I throwed that sucker in four-point-one!” He threw back his shoulders proudly. “You wanna touch me?”

“You dumb shit,” Mike slurred to Buck. “Look at that, man.”

Mike pointed to Hank Logan’s huge belt buckle—the buckle Hank had been awarded a few years before when he held the world championship in steer wrestling. Such belt buckles were highly prized among these men, and were worn like badges of honor.

“My three-point-nine seconds stood for over a year,” Hank smiled, “till Jack Fowler brought a steer down in three-point-eight.”

“Yeah,” Mike said, exhibiting his own buckle that he proudly wore as current holder of the Best All-Around Cowboy title. “You guys are in distinguished company here. Let’s have a little respect!”

“Speaking of scores,” Hank said to Mike, “that was some long ride you took on that bull this evening. Didn’t you hear the whistle?”

“Hell yeah, I heard the whistle,” Mike laughed, hanging onto Paco in what Billy Dee saw as an overly familiar manner. “But my ass was so goddamned loose from all the fuckin’, I was afraid to unclamp my legs for fear I’d shit—so I just stayed on that son of a bitch!”

Hank’s and Billy Dee’s jaws dropped. The others all guffawed loudly, and Paco clamped his hand over Mike’s mouth again. The young Mexican glanced around to be sure none of the straight guys in the vicinity had overheard.

“I gotta see a man about a dog,” Mike announced, finally releasing his hold on Paco and swaying unsteadily as he headed off toward the bandstand. The band had stopped playing for a few minutes, and he wanted to talk to the bearded lead singer.

“He’s stewed to the gills,” Paco said, shaking his head.

“I reckon he’s got good reason,” Billy Dee said. “He don’t know what he wants. He’s all mixed up.”

Paco smiled knowingly. “I think he knows what he wants.” He stepped over near Billy Dee and whispered near his ear, where Hank couldn’t hear. “Mike’s been calling me Billy Dee all evening.”

Annoyed by the whispering, Hank stomped off to the bar for more beer. Billy Dee smiled to himself after hearing what Paco said. He watched Mike, who seemed to be arguing with the singer. Finally, Mike stumbled back across the empty dance floor and rejoined the group.

“This next song’s for you, Billy Dee,” he said with a wide grin, draping his arm around the blond youth’s shoulders.

Billy Dee felt chills of excitement race down his spine as Mike pulled him close, hanging onto him in an intimate buddy-buddy manner. He felt Mike’s hand inconspicuously massaging his bicep.

“Okay, folks!” the bearded singer shouted into his microphone. “We’re the Tumbleweeds, ’n we’re here at the Rusty Spur every weekend—and we’re pure country!” There was scattered applause and a few shouts of approval from the crowd. “This next song’s a real special request.” He

grinned with obvious embarrassment. “And I gotta tell y’all, I didn’t wanna do it. But I ain’t one to say no to a man that just rode a Brahma bull—so here it comes!”

The music began, and the singer belted out the lyrics loud and clear: “Ohhh, the yellow rose of Texas is the only guy for me ... he’s the sweetest little rosebud that Texas is the only guy for me... he’s the sweetest little rosebud that Texas ever knew...

Roars of laughter filled the cavernous dance hall as he sang the song that way, but couples poured onto the floor and danced along anyway. Everybody was glancing around, looking suspiciously at all the cowboys who had ridden the bulls that evening, and Billy Dee wanted to crawl under a table.

Mike’s hand slipped down Billy Dee’s back and he pinched the boy’s ass hard, causing him to jerk.

“Settle down, man!” Billy Dee snapped. “You’re gonna git us throwed outa here.”

Mike whipped his hat off and waved it in the air. “Awwww-hawwwwww, San Antone!” he yelled, attracting unwanted attention to the group. Then he slapped Billy Dee’s ass with his hat.

“I wanna dance,” Billy Dee said quickly, embarrassed by Mike’s noisy attentions while the band was still playing the revised version of “The Yellow Rose of Texas.”

Billy Dee grabbed a homely girl who was standing nearby and dragged her out onto the dance floor. The young couple joined in the dancing. Billy Dee was stomping and kicking and twirling the girl about recklessly, as Texans were prone to do. It was a type of dancing in which the couples sashayed rapidly about the floor, frequently passing other couples as they swirled to the western swing rhythm.

Suddenly, Billy Dee felt his ass slapped hard while he was dancing. Looking back, he saw Mike Wolfe and a girl spinning past, and Mike had a mischievous gleam in his eyes. Billy Dee was mortified. As much as he craved attention from Mike, this wasn’t the way he wanted it—not right out in front of Hank all their straight friends. He knew such behavior was asking for trouble, and he wagged his finger threateningly at Mike.

Mike and his girl danced by again. And again, Mike slapped Billy Dee playfully on the butt as he passed.

Billy Dee began to watch Mike, keeping him in sight at all times so that he and his girl could dance off in another direction when Mike approached. But Mike and his partner followed them through the fast-moving mob, and there was no escape. Once more, Mike grabbed the boy's ass, laughing loudly at the youth's efforts to avoid him.

The music ended. Billy Dee and the girl he had snatched from the sidelines stood and waited for the next number. He didn't want to leave the floor, knowing Hank must have seen what was going on by now and not wanting to deal with a jealous lover.

"You're a mighty fine little dancer," Billy Dee said to the ugly girl he was using as a stage prop.

"And you're a mighty purty little cowboy," she said with a lascivious grin as she shamelessly looked him up and down.

"Why, thank you, ma'am," he said shyly.

Billy Dee was looking around for Mike, but he had vanished into the crowd that was waiting on the dance floor.

"You know," the girl said, moving closer, "some guys say I'm the one that put the cunt in country." She smiled demurely, showing her buck teeth.

"I beg your pardon?" Billy Dee stammered as he backed away.

The music began again, and all the couples quickly fell into the fast rhythm and started dancing around them.

Abruptly, Mike came bouncing on the scene and grabbed Billy Dee's wrist, dragging him away from the horny young slut and sweeping him into a lilting dance. For a moment, Billy Dee was so startled that he fell into the rhythm and followed Mike around the floor while they held onto each other's hands and sashayed among the other couples.

In the next instant, Mike pulled Billy Dee close and whispered in his ear. "I'm gonna suck your cock, boy!"

Quickly, Billy Dee wrenched his wrists from Mike's tight grip and backed away, looking at the handsome cowboy with wide eyes.

“Everybody’s lookin’ at us, you peckerhead!”

It was true that a few people who had noticed thought they were carrying camaraderie too far when they began to dance together. But those who noticed the brief scene attributed it to drunkenness and attached no significance to it. It was when the two men stood motionless in the midst of all the frantic dancers, looking at each other with scowls, that they really began to attract attention.

“I’m top dog in this outfit,” Mike slurred, pointing proudly to his belt buckle. “I can do any goddamned thing I feel like doing!”

“No you can’t!” Billy Dee yelled above the music, stamping his foot for emphasis. “Now you straighten out ’n fly right, man—before I get mad.”

Mike stepped closer so he wouldn’t have to shout, speaking near his young buddy’s ear. “If you want your cock sucked, my camper’s out in the parking lot.”

“Awwww, Mike,” the youth whined in exasperation. “I’m tryin’ to behave myself, but you ain’t makin’ it easy for me.”

“Come on, Billy Dee—let’s go,” Mike persisted as he put his arm around the boy’s shoulders and urged him toward the front door.

Billy Dee, overcome once again with lust for the beautiful black-haired stud, went along willingly. As they threaded their way through the crowd, the youth kept his eyes downcast to avoid seeing his lover. He knew Hank was probably watching them leave together, but he couldn’t stop himself.

“Shit!” Hank blurted, slamming his beer, bottle down on a fence post.

“Mike’s too drunk to know what he’s doing,” Paco said. “And you can hardly blame Billy Dee for flippin’ out over the great American hero.” A dreamy look came into the young Mexican’s brown eyes. “Hell, the guy’s fuckin’ gorgeous!”

“I know that,” Hank said, slumping his shoulders. “But I thought Mike had a little integrity. I reckon he pissed it all out with the beer that’s been runnin’ through him.”

Buck McGill leaned on the fence beside Hank. “You know, two can play at that game.” He was looking Hank over with new interest now,

already seeing him as unattached and available.

“I’m not interested in revenge,” Hank said, failing to catch Buck’s intended meaning. “I just don’t wanna lose Billy Dee.” He snatched his bottle off the post and killed it in one big swig.

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Outside, in the Rusty Spur’s parking lot, Mike Wolfe and Billy Dee Jones lay naked together in Mike’s camper. Faint light from the club’s big sign filtered through the curtains, illuminating their muscular bodies. Mike lay atop Billy Dee, smothering the boy with his kisses and running his fingers through his curly blond hair.

Their stiff cocks rubbed together, pressed between their bellies. Billy Dee’s brawny arms were wrapped tightly around Mike’s broad back. Mike’s hunky ass writhed as he squirmed his prick against Billy Dee’s while they kissed. Both guys’ cocks were drooling warm pre-cum, which formed a slime of lubricant between their bodies.

“God!” Billy Dee breathed when Mike’s mouth left his at last. “You learn fast.”

“There’s nothing to learn,” Mike murmured, nuzzling his nose into the boy’s sweet-smelling hair. “Today—with Paco—I all of a sudden realized there’s no difference with a man or a woman.”

Billy Dee chuckled, tousling Mike’s curly black hair. “I sure as hell notice a difference!”

“You know what I mean... making love is making love, and fucking is fucking.”

Mike moved downward, licking around on the blond youth’s smooth chest. He circled around a brown nipple with the tip of his tongue, then began to suck on the stiffening nipple while his hands roamed hotly over Billy Dee’s body.

“I know, with your Indian blood, it don’t take much firewater to make you crazy, Mike—but I hope you noticed that ain’t no tit you’re suckin’ on.”

“You silly shit!” Mike laughed, swatting the boy on his hip.

Mike ran his tongue down across his buddy's scalloped abdomen, dragging his tongue-tip slowly into the soft blond hair at the base of his prick. Billy Dee's cock was arched up toward his navel, connected to his belly by a thin strand of pre-cum. Mike lay the side of his face against the boy's rigid prick, tickling the sensitive cock-flesh with his wiry sideburns.

"I tried to do this with Paco, and I couldn't," Mike said, feeling the hard cock pulsing against his cheek. "But I can do it with you—because I want to."

Billy Dee sprawled out, cupping his hands behind his head. He didn't say anything, but his rapid breathing revealed his excitement, despite his outward calmness. He could hardly believe Mike Wolfe was about to suck his prick. He and Mike had been buddies for a long time, had rodeoed together in dozens of towns and caroused together in beer joints all over the Southwest. But, until today, a thing like this was unimaginable outside Billy Dee's jack-off fantasies. Now, paradoxically, the reality was even more exciting than the boy's wildest fantasies. His heart was pounding furiously.

Mike could feel Billy Dee's pulse pounding in his hard prick as it pressed against his cheek. He understood the cause of the boy's intense excitement, because he was feeling that way too.

Getting to his knees, Mike bent down and licked gingerly at Billy Dee's pendulous balls, moving his tongue slowly across the crinkly skin that was covered with curly blond hair. The studly youth had massive balls that hung unusually low because of their great weight. While he laved Billy Dee's heavy balls, Mike lifted them gently in his palm, suspecting that a great portion of that weight was cum that would soon be in his mouth. It surprised him when he realized he was actually looking forward to taking Billy Dee's cum-load in his mouth.

Mike grasped the boy's huge prick by the base, holding it upright as he licked hotly up the underside of the cock-lance. As his tongue passed over the ridge of the prick-knob, he began to taste Billy Dee's pre-cum. He hesitated momentarily, savoring the flavor of another man's fuck-juice for the first time. Finding the taste inoffensive, Mike swirled his tongue around the head of Billy Dee's cock, lapping up more of the slippery pre-cum that coated the big pinkish cock-knob.

The dark-haired cowboy found Billy Dee's prick an irresistible temptation. The youth's circumcised cock was a great deal like his own cock and, perhaps for that reason, it seemed less offensive against his lips than Paco's dark uncut prick. It was a cock he could identify with.

Mike formed his lips into a wide circle and closed them softly over Billy Dee's big spongy cock-head. Another gush of pre-cum anointed his tongue.

"Mmmmm," Billy Dee murmured in delight, tensing his muscles as he felt Mike's hot mouth on his cock. "That feels good, man."

Gradually, Mike's soft lips descended along Billy Dee's upthrust cock-lance. When he felt the prick-knob touch the back of his throat, he stopped far short of the base of the prick. Then he began to bob his head slowly, never sinking down far enough to fuck the cock-head into his throat.

It was an amateurish blow-job at best, but to Billy Dee it was one of the most exciting blow-jobs he had ever received—because it was Mike Wolfe doing the cock-sucking.

While he sucked, Mike ran his hands feverishly over Billy Dee's hard muscular thighs, feeling the sparse blond hair on the smooth flesh. He felt Billy Dee's hands caressing the back of his neck now, and he knew he was pleasing the beautiful boy. He bobbed his head faster, driving the prick-tip harder against the back of his throat.

Suddenly, while he was fucking his face on Billy Dee's big prick and caressing his naked thighs, Mike Wolfe realized that he had been terribly miscast in his role as a carousing womanizer. Without being aware of why, he had spent his life fucking all the girls and loving none of them. Now he understood why he had never loved a woman—it was because none of them satisfied him.

The deep satisfaction Mike had sought for so long had always been as close as his friend, but he had been blind to his own needs. Now, with Billy Dee's cock in his mouth, Mike felt genuine satisfaction for the first time in his life... and he knew there could be no going back.

Billy Dee began to lift his ass off the bed, thrusting his prick deeper into Mike's sucking mouth. He felt the tip of his cock striking the back of



Mike's throat and tried to resist the impulse to fuck his cock into that narrow channel he knew wasn't ready for such abuse.

Sensing the urgency of Billy Dee's fuck-thrusts, Mike tried to force the cock-head into the depths of his throat to oblige the boy. But the muscles of his virgin throat rebelled against the intrusion and he gagged. He came up off the cock quickly, gasping for air.

"I'm sorry, man," Mike said hoarsely. "But I never did this before. I guess I'm not too good at cock-sucking."

"You're doin' just fine," Billy Dee whispered, reaching up with both hands and stroking Mike's temples lightly. "Don't worry about it."

"But I want it to be good for you—so you'll come around for more." Mike began to slowly jacking the boy's spit-soaked prick.

"Wild horses couldn't keep me away, Mike."

"Good!"

Bending down again, Mike sucked Billy Dee's huge cock back into his mouth, lolling his tongue around the prick-knob and working his lips just below the wedge of that knob. He felt Billy Dee caressing his shoulders and biceps while he sucked, and the loving touch of the boy's hands against his bare flesh made him tingle all over.

Billy Dee felt Mike's curly hair tickling his belly as his prick was swallowed deeply into the stud's warm mouth. He flexed his rigid cock in Mike's mouth to signify his pleasure.

Mike began fucking his face on Billy Dee's cock again while he used both hands to gently massage the boy's huge balls. He squeezed lightly on the hairy ball-sac, anxiously urging Billy Dee to give him his cum-load. Mike had no idea what a mouthful of jism would taste like. But he wanted to find out, and he wanted to do it with Billy Dee Jones—nobody else. The prick in his mouth was pulsing vigorously now, and he knew his buddy's climax wasn't far off.

"I'm gonna shoot!" Billy Dee gasped.

Abruptly, the boy grabbed the base of his prick and yanked it from Mike's sucking mouth. He began jacking frantically on his immense cock-

lance, causing his heavy balls to bounce between his sprawled legs.

“Well hell, man!” Mike blurted. “Give it to me.”

He knocked Billy Dee’s hands away and quickly took the cock back into his mouth, surprising the boy with his anxiety to take a load of cum on his first attempt at cock sucking.

“Aw, fuck!” Billy Dee cried out as he felt the cum surging up from his balls and through the shaft of his prick. “Ahhhhhhh!”

Mike had thought he was prepared for what was about to happen, but the force of the first blast of jism took him by surprise. Displaced air snorted from his nostrils as the hot flood of cum filled his mouth, coating his tongue and the roof of his mouth. He tried to keep his lips ovaled tightly around the shaft of the cock, but milky trickles of cum escaped and streaked down the cock-lance to puddle in silken pubic hair.

Cum was sweeter than Mike had expected, and he found the taste agreeable. He swallowed, bobbing his Adam’s apple as he sent his adorable young buddy’s cum on its way to his stomach. More jets of jizz spurted from Billy Dee’s piss-slit, again filling Mike’s mouth with thick warm cock-nectar.

Even while it was happening, Billy Dee found it difficult to believe he was actually fucking his cum-load into the mouth of the one and only Mike Wolfe—blasting his rookie cum into that stellar mouth! He writhed beneath Mike, wallowing his prick in the gorgeous stud’s cum-filled mouth, moaning in the ecstatic glory of experiencing the impossible. Being the first to fuck Mike’s virgin ass had been thrilling, but this was divine.

Billy Dee only hoped that Mike wouldn’t have another straight flashback when he sobered up, because being with Mike Wolfe made all other sexual encounters pale by comparison.

After he had swallowed the last weak spurts of Billy Dee’s cum, Mike let his glossy prick flop back against his flat belly. He kissed the slimy cock-head lovingly, then slowly kissed his way up to Billy Dee’s armpit, licking sensuously into the tuft of hair there and causing him to squirm. Settling atop the young blond’s naked body, the swarthy stud kissed him tenderly. While they kissed, Mike wedged his hard cock-shaft between the boy’s legs, wetting the crevice of his ass with a profuse flow of pre-cum.

“You ever take it up the ass?” Mike whispered hopefully.

“Sure,” Billy Dee smiled. “Just gimme a minute to recuperate. Okay?” He touched Mike’s face lightly with his fingertips. “You’re so fuckin’ beautiful, Mike.”

“Aw, I bet that’s what you tell all the guys.”

“Only the beautiful ones,” Billy Dee said as he drew Mike to him for another kiss.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

“I want to eat your sweet ass before I fuck it,” Mike said, looking down into Billy Dee’s cute face while he pumped his hard prick between the boy’s legs, smearing sticky pre-cum in his ass-crevice and mashing his balls.

“You don’t have to do that,” Billy Dee said, clamping his legs together on Mike’s slithering cock.

“I said I want to.”

Mike kissed the blond youth again, twisting and wallowing his mouth on Billy Dee’s, passionately. Billy Dee stroked Mike’s black sideburns affectionately while they kissed, squirming beneath the brawny stud’s naked body. The boy could taste his own cum on Mike’s lips.

The dull thudding of the bass section of the band inside the Rusty Spur could be heard in the parking lot, constantly reminding Billy Dee that Hank was in there getting drunker by the hour—and not without reason. The horny youth knew he had hurt his lover, leaving the bar with Mike Wolfe that way. But the burning lust he felt for Mike was so intense he couldn’t deal with it on a rational level. He wanted to fuck with Mike any time, any place, at any cost—even in a camper on a parking lot while his jealous lover waited in a bar.

Mike rose to his knees and turned Billy Dee over onto his side, pushing the youth’s upper-most leg forward to spread his ass-cheeks. Billy Dee’s huge balls draped back between his legs, settling into the crevice of his ass. Mike bent down, pressing his nose into Billy Dee’s balls as he lapped tentatively at his hairless ass-crack. The pliant crinkled skin of the ball-sac molded to the contours of Mike’s nose, the sparse kinky hair on the balls tickling his cheeks.

Feeling Mike’s tongue-tip delving gingerly at his ass-pucker, Billy Dee bent his knee and pulled his leg farther up toward his chest, making his ass more vulnerable. It felt good to have Mike’s hot wet tongue licking slowly up and down the length of his ass-crevice, and every time Mike’s tongue dragged across his asshole the boy gasped in anticipation.

Despite the hard cum he had just had, Billy Dee's prick began to swell again.

Mike's cock was throbbing hard as he lapped at his young friend's adorable ass. He spanned Billy Dee's firmly rounded buns with his fingers, kneading and squeezing the sexily contoured mounds of ass-flesh while he forced the tip of his tongue into his tight asshole.

It had been an incredible day for Mike Wolfe. Only that afternoon, he had thought it disgustingly perverse when Billy Dee sucked his ass. And now he was doing the same thing to Billy Dee, and relishing the task. In a single day, Mike had worked two rodeos and made love to two men. He felt he should be not only exhausted, but upset with himself. Yet, he didn't feel tired, and he felt no shame. All he felt was an exhilarating sense of release. Fucking with Billy Dee Jones was all he wanted, all he could think of; nothing else mattered.

"Ooooooh!" Billy Dee gasped when he felt Mike's hot tongue fuck into his sensitive asshole. "Ewwwwweee! Goddamn, that's good."

Mike used his thumbs to spread the boy's ass-cheeks, fucking his tongue into the depths of his quivering asshole and mouthing his ass-ring with soft warm lips. Billy Dee's big pinkish balls almost suffocated Mike until he angled his face differently. The overheated stud twisted his face in Billy Dee's ass-crevice, pushing his tongue so far up the boy's asshole that he could feel the interior of the ass-channel with his tongue-tip.

"Aw, man!" Billy Dee moaned, wiggling his butt against Mike's face. "I'm ready for your cock, Mike... go ahead 'n fuck me."

Mike's cock was ready for Billy Dee's ass, too. The swarthy young stud pulled his tongue from the boy's clasp sphincter and quickly maneuvered around to fuck him. Lying on his side behind Billy Dee, Mike guided the blunt tip of his prick into the youth's wet ass-crevice, nudging his cock-head against the spit-soaked asshole.

Before Mike could fuck forward, Billy Dee lurched backward, impaling his ass on Mike's rigid cock-lance. He backed onto over half the length of the cowboy's prick before he groaned and stopped, giving his shocked asshole a moment to adjust to the abrupt invasion of cock.

Unable to wait, Mike wrapped an arm around the boy's narrow waist and held him stationary as he lurched forward, fucking the remainder of his long prick into his tight asshole.

"Awww, shit fire!" Billy Dee cried out as Mike's cock pushed his ass-guts asunder.

He felt Mike's wiry crotch hair scratching against his smooth buns as the hunky cowboy began to squirm. Mike held Billy Dee firmly in place, his prick embedded to the balls, and scoured the boy's ass-cheeks with his pubic hair as he churned his cock in circular motions within the buttery hotness of his ass.

There was some pain, and Billy Dee tensed, which made it worse for him. He tried to pry Mike's strong arm from his waist without success. Unable to escape, Billy Dee finally made himself relax somewhat and submitted to the cruel plundering of his ass.

Sensing that Billy Dee was resigned to some rough fucking, Mike began to lurch violently, driving his prick into the boy's ass with such force that he hurt his own balls with every fuck-lunge. The moment he freed Billy Dee's hand, the boy reached back and jammed his hand between his lower back and Mike's belly, trying to lessen the severity of the gut-ripping plunges of Mike's prick.

"Easy, man!" Billy Dee rasped, wedging his hand between his own ass and Mike's pounding crotch. "You think I'm made outa rubber or somethin'?"

Before Billy Dee knew what was happening, Mike grabbed both his legs and hefted them into the air, maneuvering quickly into a kneeling position and fucking the youth's upturned ass relentlessly. In the next instant, Mike had Billy Dee's legs resting on his broad shoulders. The new position made the boy's ass even more vulnerable, increasing the depth of Mike's fuck-thrusts.

"Ooomph!" Billy Dee grunted as Mike's cock plowed deeper into his abused ass-guts. "I... I don't like to take it on my back, Mike! This is the way sissies get fucked uuuungh... goddamn it, I don't like it this way!"

"I do," Mike breathed as he fucked the cock-meat to the boy's upturned ass. Mike was in such a frenzy of fuck-lust that he no longer cared what

Billy Dee liked. All that mattered to Mike was what he wanted. And he wanted to fuck the boy silly while he looked at his cute face, not the back of his head.

“Mike! I can’t take it this—”

Billy Dee’s protests were silenced as Mike’s mouth clamped over his. Billy Dee’s knees touched his own shoulders as the brawny stud pushed down to kiss him, and the cock fucked even deeper into his burning ass-guts. The impaled youth gurgled into Mike’s mouth, trying to cry out in pain. But Mike sucked on his tongue and kept fucking the prick-meat to him.

Gradually, the pain subsided and Billy Dee began to enjoy the wild plunging of Mike’s cock in his asshole. He squirmed his butt against Mike’s hairy crotch to signal the arrival of pleasure. While they kissed, Billy Dee began to meet Mike’s hard fuck-thrusts with upward lunges of his ass, slamming his smooth buns against the stud’s pelvic bones. He could feel Mike’s hairy balls slapping against his lower back, and he reached around to cup the cum-laden balls with his hand.

“That’s more like it,” Mike murmured, biting sensuously at Billy Dee’s chin while he fucked his ass. “You okay now?”

“Yeahhh,” Billy Dee sighed ecstatically. “Just keep it up. Fuck the shit out of me!”

Billy Dee ran his hands feverishly over Mike’s manly flanks, loving the feel of the dark stud’s smooth flesh. He grabbed Mike’s hand and brought it to his mouth, sucking erotically on three fingers while Mike went on churning his ass-guts with his long cock-lance. While he sucked the cowboy’s fingers, Billy Dee looked into his hazel eyes, smiling lewdly and wagging his ass from side to side. The cock in his ass angled roughly within his body as he swayed his butt wildly.

Mike pulled his fingers from the boy’s sucking mouth. He reached down between their bodies and grasped Billy Dee’s semi-hard prick, pumping his cock while he fucked his ass. The blond’s prick responded instantly, stiffening to full rigidity in Mike’s hand. Because of his upside-down position, Billy Dee’s pendulous balls draped downward against the

base of his prick, and Mike's pumping fist titillated his balls as well as his cock-shaft.

Billy Dee grabbed Mike's studly buns and pulled the guy hard against him with each jarring fuck-thrust, trying to get more cock up his ass, even though he was already getting all there was. The lusty young cowboy grabbed Mike's balls quickly, trying to cram the hairy ball-sac up his ass along with the big prick that was slurping in and out of his grossly stretched asshole.

"Un-uh!" Mike groaned, grimacing in pain as he yanked the boy's hand from his balls.

"More! More!" Billy Dee screamed, humping his naked ass up and grinding his buns against Mike's furry crotch. "Fuck me rougher—rougher, man!"

Mike grabbed Billy Dee's ankles, hoisting his long legs high in the air. The powerful muscles of Mike's arms bulged under the stress of the boy's weight. He began to fuck him more violently than ever, repeatedly withdrawing his prick completely and then cramming it back in with such force that displaced air noisily escaped the plundered asshole.

"Fuck that ass!" Billy Dee cried out hysterically, holding onto his own head with both hands as if being overwhelmed by the thrill of it all.

"Yeah!" somebody outside yelled. "Fuck him good!"

Mike and Billy Dee froze in position, Mike holding the boy's splayed legs up near the ceiling of the camper, his cock embedded in his ass. There was a rattling at the door which Mike, in his inebriated condition, had failed to latch.

The door swung open.

"You guys don't let us stop you," Hank slurred as he leaned into the doorway and saw his young lover upside down with Mike Wolfe's cock up his ass. "I'm sorta gettin' used to seem' you two fuckin' anyhow. It's startin' to look kinda natural."

Buck McGill and Paco Sanchez were standing behind Hank, along with Greg Davis, a local construction worker who always came out to play with the cowboys when the rodeo was in San Antonio. At twenty, Greg was an



incredibly handsome hunk, and there wasn't a guy in the group who hadn't been seduced by him before—except for Mike Wolfe.

“God, Hank!” Billy Dee said, twisting his neck to see his lover. “Ain't you got no pride left?”

“Nope,” Hank said, stepping up into the camper. “Not an ounce. Anyhow, I figure if you're gonna fuck everybody in the rodeo, I might as well get in on the action too.”

“Let's all fuck Billy Dee!” Greg said excitedly as he clambered in behind Hank.

“I could go for that,” Paco said as he and Buck forced their way into the crowded camper.

“Yeah!” Buck laughed as he closed and latched the door. “Don't let Mike hog all the action. Us little people need love, too.”

“You bunch of horses' asses!” Mike spluttered as he lowered Billy Dee's body to the mattress, unplugging his long cock from the youth's asshole.

Mike was sitting on his haunches, and Billy Dee lay on his back with his legs on either side of Mike's hips.

“Let's go for it, guys,” Hank said, pointedly ignoring Billy Dee's shocked expression as he began to undress hurriedly.

The others began stripping, tossing hats, boots, jeans and shirts into a pile on the floor.

Billy Dee's wilted cock began to rise again as the four naked studs gathered alongside the bed. He was especially interested in Greg Davis, who had fucked him half to death the last time the rodeo was in San Antonio. But Hank's presence made the horny boy uneasy.

“This ain't like you, Hank,” Billy Dee said, reaching out to grasp Hank's flaccid prick first. “You drunk?”

“You finish fuckin' his ass, Mike,” Hank said, ignoring his young lover's remark. “I'll feed him some cock while you fuck him. He likes it that way.”

It was true that Billy Dee Jones loved getting gang-banged but he had never realized Hank knew that. There seemed no point in denying it now, however, particularly since he was anxious to give his ass to the beautiful Greg Davis once again.

Mike sat still while Billy Dee reached down and crammed the shocked stud's partially hard cock back into his anxious asshole. Beginning to bounce his ass on Mike's prick, he drew Hank's cock to his mouth.

Standing at the edge of the bed, Hank pushed his limp prick into his lusty young lover's mouth while he watched Mike begin to fuck the boy again. On impulse. Hank leaned forward and kissed Mike, rubbing his mustache against the handsome cowboy's smooth upper lip and driving his tongue into his mouth. That excited Hank because—although he had never admitted it—he was just as enamored of Mike Wolfe's exceptional good looks as were the rest of the gay wranglers on the circuit.

The others moved in closer, jacking their hard pricks and watching as Mike responded by reaching out to caress Hank's hairy chest. Hands began to swarm over the three guys on the bed. The cramped space within the camper reeked of leather and sweat. As if by tacit agreement, Billy Dee's cock received scant attention. None of the guys wanted him to cum before they had a chance to abuse his sexy young body.

Billy Dee felt Mike's prick stiffening rapidly in his ass while Hank's cock grew hard in his mouth. Hank crawled onto the bed, straddling his lover's head and facing Mike. He began to fuck Billy Dee's mouth while he went on kissing Mike and caressing his smooth muscular body. Mike, still kneeling between the youth's sprawled legs, began to bounce his hips, fucking his cock into the kid's receptive asshole.

Hank fucked his young lover's mouth mercilessly, his hairy ass and balls descending against the boy's nose with every fuck-plunge. He forced his cock-knob down Billy Dee's tight, throat, his heavy balls draping to either side of the youth's nose. Hank reached between Billy Dee's sprawled thighs and Mike's feeling Mike's slimy prick fucking into his lover's sloppy asshole.

Mike, wildly aroused by the group action, lifted Billy Dee's legs up onto his own shoulders and began to fuck him violently once again. He and

Hank went on kissing while both of them assaulted the willing young cowboy's fuck-holes.

Excited by the sight of Mike Wolfe's naked ass, Buck, who—like everyone else—adored Mike, decided to see if he could get away with fucking the gorgeous stud.

"I've always had a hankerin' to lick your sexy ass, Mike," Buck said as he crawled onto the crowded bed behind Mike's lurching ass.

When Mike didn't protest, Buck got down and began lapping hotly at his studly ass. Mike's ass was humping crazily as he fucked Billy Dee, and Buck had a hard time of it, but he managed to bob his head with the action and find Mike's asshole with his tongue. Buck, who was unaware that both Billy Dee and Paco had already fucked Mike that day, was surprised to find the guy's asshole gaping open and obviously well fucked.

Raising up with a surprised grin on his face, Buck McGill decided Mike needed no preparation. He got on his knees behind Mike and wedged the head of his prick into the cowboy's crack. The next backward thrust of Mike's hips impaled his ass on Buck's hard fucker.

Mike gasped into Hank's mouth as he felt Buck's prick sink into his ass, but he never missed a stroke fucking Billy Dee's upturned butt. As Mike continued to lurch his pelvis, he was fucking ass and getting fucked at the same time. Turned on by the double thrill, he thrust his hips harder, fucking Billy Dee with barbaric force and jamming Buck's cock up his ass to the balls on every backward lunge.

Greg Davis was kneeling beside the over-crowded bed, reaching among the four fucking studs to feel all the slithering cocks, swinging balls and humping asses. Paco was jacking off near Greg's face, hoping the muscle-bound stud would suck his cock. But Greg was totally absorbed in feeling around within that undulating pile of sweating, muscular man-flesh.

The distant sound of a drunken couple laughing in the parking lot caused Paco to stop jacking off long enough to tune Mike's radio to a country-western station. He turned the volume up, hoping the music would cover the lusty grunting, groaning and moaning that filled the camper. And, while the horny cowboys celebrated wantonly on their last night in San

Antonio, "On the Road Again" appropriately drowned out the lewd sounds of their orgy of sucking and fucking.

The song reminded Billy Dee that they would be pulling out early in the morning, destined for another rodeo in Phoenix... and he wanted to fuck with Greg Davis before they left town. He began to undulate and flex the interior muscles of his ass on Mike's prick and sucked more actively on Hank's cock, hoping he could get them to cum and climb off to make room for the studly construction worker.

Unknown to Billy Dee, Greg was entertaining the same notion. He wanted Hank to shoot his wad and get off the boy's face so he could climb on. Moving around behind Hank, Greg pressed his beautiful young face into the man's hairy ass and began to lick at his asshole. Hank's balls were draped against Billy Dee's nose, and Greg's chin rested against the youth's forehead as he licked Hank's ass. Greg began to alternate between kissing Billy Dee's forehead and lapping at Hank's furry ass-crevice, which was just above the boy's face. Excited by having his ass licked, Hank renewed his efforts, fucking his thick prick in and out of Billy Dee's mouth. Greg loved Hank's hairy balls, licking warmly over Billy Dee's nose in the process.

Thrilled by the proximity of Greg's handsome face, Billy Dee reached out and grasped the big brawny stud's prick, which was rock hard and drooling pre-cum. He squeezed Greg's cock and held on tightly, wishing that Hank would shoot his wad.

Paco, meanwhile, had enticed Buck into sucking his prick. He stood beside the bed and, while Buck fucked Mike's ass, he leaned over and slurped hungrily on the young Mexican's big cock. While Buck sucked him off, Paco busied himself exploring the mass of tangled bodies with his hands.

Hank's big balls began to draw up against his groin, and Billy Dee knew his lover was about to climax. He worked his lips hotly around the thick base of Hank's prick while the blunt cock-head plugged his throat. Hank raised upward, bringing the head of his cock from the depths of Billy Dee's throat and into the cavity of his mouth. Billy Dee felt Hank's cock-shaft pulsing vigorously. He swirled his tongue about the cock-knob just as the first gush of creamy jism burst forth in his mouth.

Hank moaned against Mike's mouth, tensing his body as he pumped his teenaged lover's mouth full of hot cum. At last, he pulled his mouth from Mike's, throwing his head back and hanging onto Mike's broad shoulders. Hank's tongue flicked out and upward, touching his mustache as he closed his eyes and shuddered in the throes of his orgasm.

Greg lifted Hank's balls and pressed his face between Hank's hairy crotch and Billy Dee's sucking mouth. He mouthed the exposed portion of Hank's cock-shaft while Billy Dee sucked on the cock-head. As they both mouthed Hank's cum-spurting prick, some of Hank's jism gurgled from Billy Dee's lips and Greg sucked up the excess cum greedily. Billy Dee clung to Greg's hard cock, anxious to have it in his mouth.

As Hank climbed off Billy Dee's face, Mike went on fucking the boy's ass relentlessly, demonstrating incredible endurance as he dripped sweat onto Billy Dee's body. Mike was gasping and whimpering, fucking Billy Dee's ass in a blur of motion while his own asshole slithered rapidly on Buck's prick. Mike's smooth tawny flesh was streaked with glistening streams of sweat, and his tongue lolled from his mouth as he fucked himself into a frenzy, liquefying Billy Dee's ass-guts with the incessant plunging of his cock-lance.

Hank dropped onto a nearby seat, his chest heaving from the excitement and exertion as he gasped for breath. Embarrassed by his total exhaustion, he tried to control his erratic breathing. Hank Logan had never felt older in his life. At thirty-one, he was already unable to keep up with all these young studs who could fuck one ass after another all night long.

He watched Billy Dee—who was still on his back with his legs in the air for Mike—as the youth tugged at Greg's cock in an effort to draw the hunky construction worker closer. Hank smiled remotely, glad that Greg Davis had turned up at the Rusty Spur.

Greg's presence was certain to interfere with the romantic intimacy that was developing between Mike Wolfe and Billy Dee. And thwarting that growing intimacy between his lover and the handsome rodeo star had been Hank's only motive in dragging the gang out to Mike's camper. Hank had instigated an orgy in a desperate, last-ditch attempt to keep from losing his adorable young lover—and it looked as if it might work.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

“Next!” Billy Dee said with exaggerated aplomb, squeezing Greg’s hard cock.

The horny youth licked his lips, which were tingling from the rough fucking Hank had just given his mouth. He hung onto Greg’s prick as the guy rose to his feet and stood beside the bed. Looking up while Mike went on fucking his benumbed ass, Billy Dee feasted his eyes on Greg’s Herculean physique.

Greg Davis was a powerhouse of virility with a face of Adonic perfection. He had shaggy blond hair and huge brown eyes, and a sensuous mouth that looked too pretty for such grossness as sucking pricks. His massive chest exhibited extraordinary muscular definition—huge squared pectorals and deeply ridged abdominals—and his brawny arms and legs bulged with hard muscles and thick veins. The upper portion of his god-like body had been baked to a well-done brown from working shirtless outdoors.

Bending down, Greg kissed Billy Dee’s cummy lips. While they were kissing, Paco—who was still being sucked off by Buck McGill—reached over and began to run his hands over Greg’s manly ass. Ignoring Paco’s attentions, Greg held Billy Dee’s face with both hands while he kissed him.

“It’s been a long time, huh, kid?” Greg whispered.

“Only a year,” Billy Dee smiled, reaching up to touch Greg’s handsome face, displaying tenderness even while his entire body was being jarred by Mike Wolfe’s fuck-thrusts.

“I want to fuck you again—when he’s done,” Greg said, touching the youth’s nose with his lips: “You were the greatest, man. I was hoping you’d be back with the rodeo this year.”

Billy Dee used his hands to turn Greg’s head so he could whisper near his ear. “Let me keep your cock in my mouth—so nobody else can get hold of it before you get a chance to fuck me. Okay?”

“Sure, kid,” Greg said, smiling broadly and showing his even white teeth. “Let’s keep my meat in your mouth—just for safekeeping.”

“Quit callin’ me kid,” Billy Dee protested. “You’re just barely older than me.”

Greg laughed as he climbed on the bed, straddling Billy Dee’s face, with his back to Mike Wolfe. He stuck his cock into Billy Dee’s mouth and bent forward, fucking most of the length of his hard prick between the anxious youth’s ovaled lips. He remained still, with his thick prick stretching his buddy’s mouth widely, his hairy balls resting against his chin.

Billy Dee began to suck Greg’s cock in a leisurely manner. He didn’t want Greg to cum before his ass was available for the big stud’s cock-meat, so he restrained a desire to fuck his face violently on the prick that filled his mouth.

The moment Greg settled atop Billy Dee’s face, Mike reached out and began to grasp at his hunky ass-cheeks. While he fucked Billy Dee and thrilled his own ass on Buck’s prick, Mike leaned forward and began running his tongue up and down the sparsely hairy crevice of Greg’s butt. Holding onto Greg’s naked hips, Mike titillated the brawny guy’s asshole with the tip of his tongue. Then he began to swipe his tongue up and down Greg’s ass-crack, causing the hair within the crevice to stick to the flesh in dark wet swirls.

Sucking Greg’s cock, Billy Dee grasped the beautiful stud’s huge, hard-muscled thighs and pressed his nose into the brownish-blond tangle of curly hair at the base of his prick. With crossed eyes, Billy Dee looked at the blond belly mane that ran down from Greg’s navel and merged with his crotch hair. He felt Greg’s hairy balls resting heavily against his chin, balls laden with cum that he wanted fucked up his ass. Working his soft lips around the thick shaft of Greg’s cock, Billy Dee could feel Mike’s warm saliva dripping onto his bare chest from Greg’s ass. He reached around Greg’s thigh and pinched one of Mike’s stiff nipples, causing Mike to lick more furiously at Greg’s ass-crevice.

Hank, who had been getting dressed, squatted down beside the crowded bed and pushed his face in near Billy Dee’s. The engrossed youth didn’t notice Hank until he tapped him lightly on the forehead. Billy Dee,

continuing to suck Greg's cock, cut his eyes to one side so he could see Hank.

"I'm gonna go back in the bar and get a few six-packs before last call," Hank said. "I'll be back."

Billy Dee nodded, causing Greg's fat cock to waggle in his throat. Hank put his hat on and left, leaving the five lusty young cowboys going at it in the camper.

Determined to make Mike cum soon so Greg could fuck him, Billy Dee planted his feet flat on the mattress for leverage and began to buck his ass up and down, meeting Mike's fuck thrusts with equally forceful lunges of his butt. Their violent motions, combined with the sweat that was filming their bodies, resulted in loud smacking sounds that could be heard above the music from the radio.

"Here it comes!" Mike gasped against Greg's ass. "Oh shit! Oh fuck! Get ready for an ass full of jizz, Billy Dee!"

Mike wrapped his arms tightly around Greg's waist, pressing his face against the big stud's lower back. He stopped fucking, leaving his prick embedded to the balls in Billy Dee's ass while his own ass slurped on Buck McGill's fucking prick. Suddenly, Mike's cum-load blasted into Billy Dee's ass-guts with incredible force, causing the boy to moan around Greg's cock.

"Awww, shit!" Buck blurted as he felt Mike's sphincter convulsing around his prick. "Man alive!"

Mike's hot buttery ass-guts undulated spastically as he climaxed, massaging Buck's cock with rapid waves of caressing flesh. The fantastic sensations set off Buck's orgasm seconds later, and he began to flood the interior of Mike's asshole with rapid-fire spurts of creamy cum.

Mike Wolfe's sexy body vibrated with carnal rapture as he blew his cum-load up Billy Dee's upturned ass and, at the same time, felt Buck's hot jism flooding his own guts to overflowing. Mike's crotch and thighs were soon wet with milky cum that had drooled out around his cock-shaft from Billy Dee's ass, as well as cum that was leaking from his own ass.

Cum seemed to be everywhere—coating hairy balls, filling ass-cracks, pooling at the bases of cocks and streaking down thighs. Glossy pricks



slithered from cum-filled assholes with lewd slurping sounds. Hot glaciers of jism gushed from vacated, gaping assholes, wetting the bed with warm sticky pools of fuck-juice.

Buck and Mike sat back on their haunches, both men drenched in perspiration and breathing hard. The aroma of sweating bodies and well-fucked assholes filled Mike's camper as "Texas in My Rearview Mirror" blared from the radio.

Buck crawled off the bed and began to rummage in the refrigerator in search of beer. Paco dropped to his knees beside the bed and began to lick at Mike's cum-slimed asshole. Mike, who had—in all seriousness—threatened earlier that day to kill any man who messed with his ass, found himself crouching on his hands and knees, backing his insatiable butt against Paco's face and hoping the young Mexican would mount him and fuck his ass. But, for the moment, Paco entertained himself by sucking Buck's freshly deposited cum from Mike's obscenely gaping asshole.

Billy Dee, whose asshole was finally free of Mike's prick, quickly flopped over onto his belly. It felt good to change positions, after having had his legs elevated for so long. Greg climbed aboard anxiously, sitting astride the boy's naked ass.

"Goddamn it, Mike," Buck complained, slamming the refrigerator door. "What kinda party is this, anyhow? You're outa beer."

"I didn't invite you fuckers," Mike said, squirming his ass against Paco's face. "Go buy some goddamned beer, cheap-ass!"

"Hank went after some," Billy Dee said as he felt Greg's hairy balls settle softly against his smooth, cum-slicked ass-cheeks.

"Good," Buck said as he lay down on the floor amidst the clutter of discarded clothes and boots. "I'd sure as hell hate to sober up and find out what ugly bastards I've been fucking with." He stretched out, running his fingers through his bushy reddish-blond hair as he rested his head on a smelly boot. "Wake me up when the beer gets here, or when Billy Dee's sweet little butt's available—whichever happens first. Okay, guys?"

"My butt ain't little!" Billy Dee snapped, reaching down from the bed and punching Buck's shoulder. "I got a man's ass on me, 'n you know it."

“You ass may not be little,” Greg said as he lay forward atop Billy Dee, “but it sure is cute.” He began to hunch, sliding his rigid cock-shaft lengthwise in the boy’s cummy ass-crack. “Mmm-mmm! Love that ass!”

“Well then, get busy fuckin’ it, stud,” Billy Dee said. He reached back with both hands and grasped Greg’s hips, wiggling excitedly beneath the big stud.

Greg didn’t even have to use his hands to guide his hard prick to Billy Dee’s fuck-hole. He just raised his hips and thrust downward, The slime of Mike’s overflowing jism on the slopes of Billy Dee’s ass-crevice sent the blunt cock-head gliding right into the slippery asshole, which was gaping open like a wet pinkish funnel. Greg’s thick cock sank into the hot mush of Billy Dee’s abused asshole so easily the youth didn’t even flinch when the cock-lance was fucked balls-deep into his guts.

Billy Dee, wanting some more rough fucking, raised his hips, straining to lift Greg’s weight as he maneuvered himself into a dog-fucking position. Then, before Greg could begin fucking, the wildly aroused youth started lurching his hips, fucking his ass frantically on Greg’s huge prick. Greg quickly fell into a counter-rhythm, pounding his hairy groin against the boy cum-smearred ass. Billy Dee’s tempo soon became so rapid that his lurching butt was almost a blur as he fucked himself madly on Greg’s cock.

“Jesus fuckin’ Christ!” Greg said in surprise when he found himself unable to keep up with Billy Dee’s frenzied fucking tempo.

Greg finally remained motionless and let the cock-crazed young cowboy ride his prick for all he was worth. The slapping of Billy Dee’s wet buns against Greg’s loins sounded almost like a machine gun. His grossly stretched sphincter raced back and forth on Greg’s plump prick, pumping more of Mike’s cum from the asshole and generating lurid sloshing noise.

While Billy Dee was fucking himself silly on Greg’s prick, Mike was kneeling on all fours, his body arched over their legs. Paco, who had excited himself into a raging hard-on again by sucking at Mike’s gorgeous and well-fucked ass, stood up at the edge of the bed and presented his big fucker to Mike’s upturned butt.

Mike backed up quickly, stuffing his tingling asshole with Paco’s ample cock-meat. Then, to Mike’s consternation, Paco remained motionless. The

cute Mexican wanted to see Mike Wolfe degrade himself in the same way as Billy Dee was doing—fucking himself into oblivious hysteria on a stationary prick. Mike looked at what his young buddy was doing, realizing that was what Paco wanted him to do.

To Mike, Billy Dee's insane frenzy of self-abuse looked like the depths of utter depravity, a descent into the black void of total abandon. But Mike knew he was there too, right down there with Billy Dee Jones—ready and willing and even anxious to sacrifice his beautiful body on the altar of another man's cock. And it no longer even mattered who the man was.

At first, Mike pumped his ass on Paco's prick in time with the rhythm of "Hillbilly Heaven," which was playing on the radio. Finding the cadence too slow for the rampant ass-fucking he needed, he increased the tempo of his lurching butt until his was fucking himself on the Mexican's cock at incredible speed. Soon, the rapid-fire slapping of Mike's ass against Paco's belly matched the fast rhythm of Billy Dee's energetic pounding of his ass on Greg's prick.

Paco smiled wickedly, bracing himself by placing his hands against the camper's ceiling while Mike pleasured his cock with fast and furious fucking. Mike's unbridled fuck-lust drove him to extremes of self-abuse and he began to sway his butt wildly from side to side, causing Paco's long cock-lance to fuck in at drastic angles and push his ass-guts asunder.

The loud smacking of cummy asses against sweaty bellies filled the camper, competing in volume with the radio.

"You noisy fuckers settle down!" Buck complained sleepily, turning on his side and curling up naked in the pile of clothes on the floor. "Let's get a little shut-eye. We gotta haul ass at daybreak."

"You haul ass, man," Paco said dryly. "I'm gonna fuck ass tonight"

"Let's drink to that," Hank laughed, opening the door and setting a stack of six-packs of Lone Star on the floor before he climbed in.

"Goddamn!" Buck said as he sat up and ripped a six-pack open. "What the hell took so long? I'm about to spit cotton." He popped the top on a can and began to guzzle from it.

“Aw, Honeyshot Malone got ahold of me in there 'n wouldn't let me leave till I did a few turns around the dance floor with her.” Hank opened a can of beer and took a swig. “Crazy broad thought she was cheerin' me up by goin' on about how much she likes older men.”

Paco had climbed onto the bed with Mike, and the four studs were so engrossed in their fucking they hardly noticed Hank's arrival, although Billy Dee was glad to hear Hank's voice and to know he hadn't gone off alone on a drinking binge.

“Yep,” Buck said, patting Hank on the back as the cowboy sat down beside him on the floor. “You're might near over the hill, old-timer.”

“Hey, fucker!” Hank laughed, punching Buck's bare belly lightly. “Don't think I've forgot you callin' me an old-timer last night when you were doin' your Peepin' Tom act. And you meant it then, you son of a bitch.”

“Hell, I was drunk,” Buck said, playing with his flaccid cock absentmindedly.

“You're always drunk.” Hank took another big swig of beer, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. “Which reminds me, you've sure as hell got your nerve squirtin' your jizz all over our new motorhome. Man, that was gross.”

“I didn't do that,” Buck said defensively. “I peeked in the window and saw you and Billy Dee goin' at it last night, but I sure as hell didn't stand out there 'n jack off. What sorta pervert do you think I am, anyhow?”

“Just don't do it again,” Hank said firmly, “or I'm liable to get riled next time.”

“I did it,” Mike confessed while he went on slamming his cock-gulping asshole onto Paco's prick. “Don't blame Buck.”

“Well, I'll be damned!” Hank said in surprise.

Buck threw his head back and laughed boisterously. “So that's how come Billy Dee threw them slimy rags in my face last night.”

Hank and Buck, who was stark naked, sat on the floor and guzzled Lone Star while they watched the four young hunks on the bed.

Billy Dee lay flat on his stomach again, sopping wet with perspiration after the long siege of dog-style fucking. Greg's powerful body pumped wildly atop the young cowboy as he fucked his cute ass. Mike's stale cum was foaming from the boy's ass, coating Greg's thick cock-lance with bubbly slime. Greg supported his muscular, sweat-filmed body with his brawny arms, performing rapid push-ups as he fucked the cock-meat to Billy Dee's gurgling ass.

Mike, still on all fours, bridged Greg's and Billy Dee's legs with his body. His back swayed downward as he used his strong thighs to pump his upthrust ass against Paco's hairy belly, thrilling himself on the Mexican cowboy's big dark prick.

"You still wanna fuck Billy Dee too?" Hank asked Buck while they watched the hot action.

"Sure," Buck grinned, "if that big dude ever gets through screwin' him." He draped an arm around Hank's shoulders. "You won't get pissed off?"

"Naw," Hank said as he crushed his empty beer can. "But you better get it while the get-tin's good... I'm not gonna set up any more deals like this anytime soon."

"Why, you sneaky sidewinder!" Buck laughed. "This wasn't Mike's party at all. You lured all of us out here to break up the romance between Mike and Billy Dee, didn't you?"

Hank put his index finger to Buck's mouth, shushing him. "Well, it worked, didn't it?" He nodded his head toward the guys on the bed. "Look at that."

"Yep," Buck agreed, seeing that Billy Dee and Mike were now totally oblivious to each other's presence. "I reckon you did get them two separated."

"I heard that," Billy Dee said with a mischievous grin, looking at his lover while Greg fucked his ass with wild abandon. "Hell, Hank—I wasn't goin' nowhere with nobody. You didn't have to set up an orgy." He reached out from the bed and grasped Hank's jean-clad knee. "But I sure am glad you did. Goddamned if this ain't the most fun I've had in a coon's age!"

Hank patted Billy Dee's hand, hardly able to believe he was sitting there on the floor of Mike Wolfe's camper watching Greg Davis fuck the shit out of his young lover... and watching it without any overwhelming feelings of jealousy. Hank decided that was good. Billy Dee was still just a youngster, full of energy and always horny. Maybe fucking with other guys didn't affect the boy's love for him, after all. Hank knew there was something intense between him and Billy Dee that went beyond sex, and now he began to realize the mutual bond of friendship and trust they had together was strong and more enduring than lust, and that their love would survive the comings and goings of big-cocked beauties like Mike Wolfe and Greg Davis.

Overcome with tender feelings for his cock-crazy, adorable young lover, Hank got on his knees beside the bed and kissed Billy Dee passionately. While they kissed, Greg was wallowing his cock in the boy's buttery ass-guts with increasing fervor

"You wanna fuck me when Greg gets off?" Billy Dee asked Hank, wrapping his strong arms around his lover's shoulders. The boy was being jolted by Greg's rough fuck-thrusts.

"I think Buck's already spoke for you," Hank whispered

"Want me to fuck you?" the boy suggested impishly "I'm hot as a pistol, man."

"Yeah!" Hank said quickly, nuzzling his nose into the youth's blond hair "Now you're talkin'."

While Hank was kissing Billy Dee again, Greg began to moan and gasp with impending climax. Continuing to kiss his lover, Billy Dee hiked his ass upward, wagging his butt and scouring his smooth ass-cheeks against Greg's hairy groin. Greg tensed, his bulging muscles gleaming with sweat and his prick deeply embedded in Billy Dee's wiggling ass.

"Eeewwweee!" Billy Dee squealed into Hank's mouth as he felt Greg's cum burning the interior of his ass like hot oil.

"Fuckin' fantastic ass!" Greg panted, biting at the boy's neck like a crazed tomcat while he blasted his cum-load. "Damn!"

Sloppy gurgling sounds emanated from Billy Dee's thoroughly fucked ass as some of Greg's cum was pumped out by his plunging prick. The excess jism spread onto the boy's buns and soaked Greg's pubic hair, giving rise to obscene smacking noises as hairy groin pounded smooth ass-cheeks.

"Damned if that don't sound disgusting," Buck commented as he sat naked on the floor and jacked his hardening cock in anticipation of being the next one in line to fuck Billy Dee.

"Umm-humm!" Billy Dee murmured, pulling Hank's face to his again and kissing him.

"Ay! Chingado!" Paco gasped, gritting his teeth as Mike fucked madly on his tingling, burning prick. "I'm gonna cum!"

"Do it, man!" Mike panted, increasing the tempo of his bucking butt and fucking his ass masochistically on the cute Mexican's cock-lance. "Fuck your cum up my hot ass, cowboy!"

Rising to his knees, Buck moved behind Paco, whose ass was near the edge of the bed. Impulsively, he flicked out his tongue and began to lick the Mexican's hairy ass-crevice. Beating his meat furiously, Buck psyched himself up to fuck Billy Dee by tasting Paco's asshole. And, while he lapped at Paco's ass, he reached between the guy's legs and felt where his big prick was stretching Mike's cum-slimed asshole.

Paco moaned and grunted blissfully while Buck titillated his ass and he blasted his pent-up jism into Mike's ass-guts. For the second time that day, Paco was filling the beautiful Mike Wolfe's ass full of hot Mexican jizz. He fell forward against Mike's back, hanging on-to his muscular shoulders as the last spurts of his cum mingled with Buck's cum in Mike's cock-hungry ass.

"It's about time," Buck said when he saw Greg finally crawling off Billy Dee.

"Next!" Billy Dee called out, laughing devilishly when he saw the funny look Mike gave him.

Billy Dee lay on his belly while Buck McGill mounted him. Mike, Paco and Greg made nests among the cast-off clothes and boots on the floor and

settled into exhausted slumber almost immediately. Hank began to undress again.

Buck, who had run through another six-pack of beer while he was watching and waiting, now felt thoroughly uninhibited and wildly naughty. He sat straddling Billy Dee's legs, rubbing his hands in the glistening cum that soaked the boy's ass-crack and coated his hard sinewy buns. Cum previously fucked up the youth's ass by Mike and Greg was still oozing from his obscenely gaping fuck-hole, drooling down onto his balls.

"Ummmm! Nasty!" Buck said with a wide smile as he scooted backward and bent down, to lick Billy Dee's ravaged ass. "I like it this way."

"Son of a bitch!" Greg mumbled half-consciously when Hank accidentally dropped a boot on his face. "Watch what you're doin', man." Then he passed out again.

Buck began licking the other men's mixed cum from Billy Dee's cute shiny butt, finding the slime of fuck-juice that coated the boy's ass delicious and exciting. While he lapped at the young cowboy's cummy ass, Buck's prick stood out rigidly, feeling as if it were vibrating with horniness. When his roving tongue came to Billy Dee's asshole, he fucked his tongue into the mushy hole, sucking out a whole mouthful of warm cum.

Billy Dee, thrilled by the grossness of Buck's ass-sucking, hiked his adorable young butt in the air, making his gaping asshole more available to the hot wrangler's mouth. Buck pressed his face into Billy Dee's cum-slimed ass. He pushed hard, as if trying to cram his entire chin into the slippery fuck-hole while his tongue lapped and flicked at the interior walls of the boy's ass-channel.

Abruptly, Buck did manage to jam his chin into the youth's widely stretched asshole. His chin and lower lip were within the grasp of Billy Dee's flabby sphincter, and he went on pushing and twisting his face while his tongue lapped frantically within the boy's soggy ass-guts.

"Eeewww!" Billy Dee cried, feeling the lower portion of Buck's face tautly stretching his ass-ring. "What are you doin'?" He twisted his neck, looking back.



“Jesus Christ!” Hank said in disgust when he glanced around to see what was exciting Billy Dee. “Get your head out of that boy’s ass!”

Buck raised up, laughing drunkenly, the lower half of his face glossy with stale cum. “Shit, I only got my chin in. You wanna chin-fuck him too?”

“Hell no,” Hank said, shaking his head as he climbed naked onto the bed with them. “Man, you’re nuts when you get a few beers under your belt.”

“I thought it felt kinda neat,” Billy Dee said, turning on his side. His huge hard-on sprang out perpendicularly to his loins. “Look at that. Buck gave me a boner again.”

“Good,” Hank said, lying down and backing up to Billy Dee on his side. “I’m ready for a good hard prick up my butt.”

“Great!” Buck said enthusiastically as he moved into position behind Billy Dee. “Another cluster-fuck!”

The three cowboys settled on their sides, with Billy Dee sandwiched in the middle. “By the Time I Get to Phoenix,” blared from the radio, remind them that they had to pull out and head for Arizona early in the morning. There were horses to be loaded, trailers to be hitched up, and a thousand miles of interstate ahead of them. But none of them wanted to think about that just now... not while there were still a few hard cocks in the group.

Billy Dee closed his eyes and swooned ecstatically when he felt Hank’s hot ass engulfing his cock and Buck’s prick fucking into his ass at the same time. He began to undulate his hips, fucking his lover’s familiar ass and fucking himself on Buck’s cock.

The two older cowboys lay still, letting the wild young rookie set the pace, thrilling himself between their naked bodies. While the humped between the two men, Billy Dee reached around Hank’s waist and grasped his lover’s prick, which was hard and throbbing, the cock-knob slippery with pre-cum. He began to jack Hank’s cock.

Hank twisted his neck, leaning back into a strained position so he could kiss Billy Dee. Their lips ground together, Hank’s mustache tickling the

youngster's nose. When their lips parted, Hank was grinning and his eyes were twinkling. He began to sing.

"Oh, the yellow rose of Texas is the only guy for me," he sang in a low voice, watching Billy Dee's eyes. "He's the sweetest little rosebud that Texas ever knew.

"Don't you tease me," Billy Dee said, swatting Hank's bare thigh. "I thought that was real romantic of Mike."

"Yeah?" Hank said arrogantly, reaching back and grasping Billy Dee's hard-muscled thigh. "Well, that Don Juan better not try to swipe any rosebuds outa my garden again, or I might just have to stomp his goddamn ass."

Mike Wolfe, who was only half asleep on the floor, sat up abruptly.

"You and whose army?" he slurred. Then he fell over again, snuggling his bare ass against Paco's naked body.

"Pretty Mike," Paco mumbled, throwing his arm over Mike and hanging onto him possessively in his sleep.

Billy Dee grinned and kissed Hank again. Then he began thrusting his hips once more, fucking his brawny lover while he entertained his own young ass on Buck's cock. The youth began to pump Hank's prick again with his fist while they fucked, the three of them lurching together in sticky puddles of cool cum that dampened the bed. They soon added fresh pools of hot jism to the mess they lay in when Hank shot his cum-load all over the bed while milky streams of excess cum drooled from both his and Billy Dee's over-fucked asses.

Drunk, exhausted and satiated, the three lusty cowboys fell asleep that way, before spent pricks could even be slithered from cum-filled assholes.

**THE END**